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A Constructive Solution

THE CRISIS looks less ugly this week. Mr Krushchev is ready to come to New York for Summit talks and the western powers have begun to realise that they have put themselves into an absurd position in the Middle East and are looking for a way of saving their faces.

Western intervention was in response to the Iraqi rebellion. America sent Marines into the Lebanon and Britain para-troopers into Jordan – both with some vague idea of going to the help of Nuri es-Said. But the rebellion in Iraq was already over, and the new government at once promised to maintain its treaty obligations and continue to sell oil to the West. It repudiated its federal relation with Jordan, leaving Hussein to mumble that, as head of the Iraqi state, he was still determined (with the aid of non-existent American troops) to 'restore order and peace in Iraq'. Mr Macmillan and Mr Dulles promptly repudiated any intention to interfere in Iraq and removed any Soviet excuse for intervention.

It should be remembered that the whole world outside the western powers condemns our intervention. As Sir Hartley Shawcross explained in an authoritative article in *The Times* of 13 March 1957 on Soviet action in Hungary, the only legal justification for interference would have been if the rebellion had been aided by an outside power. UN observers had unambiguously stated that no serious infiltration was occurring in the Lebanon and efforts to discredit their report have been authoritatively exposed. Britain's intervention in Jordan is not based on any such pretext, but on the plea of an honourable duty to help an old friend. As a result British troops now find themselves in a desert area cut off from the world in order to defend a king who threw the British out ignominiously only two years ago and who is not supported by any considerable number of his subjects.

The problem now is how the British and American troops can be withdrawn. Although Mr Krushchev unwisely vetoed the Japanese proposal, which would enable the US to leave the Lebanon in good order, Mr Hammarskjold already possesses the authority to increase the size of the observer force, and Washington seems increasingly willing to accept this as an excuse to evacuate Beirut. But what of Jordan? It is less easy to see a UN solution here. Paradoxically Mr Krushchev has provided Mr Macmillan with a way out. If some sort of general understanding can be reached at the Summit talks, Macmillan will feel able to haul down the flag in Amman.

No wonder, therefore, he was so anxious to overcome Mr Dulles' reluctance to go to the Summit. Fortunately, Mr Krushchev's reservations in accepting the West's proposal are reasonable. Of course he cannot be expected to countenance the absurd anomally of Chiang Kai-shek's presence on the Security Council; and he is right to insist that representatives of the Arab nationalists should take part in the talks. By good luck, the Charter, which allows the Council to form an *ad hoc* committee, co-opting any other members it thinks fit, provides the necessary machinery.

The Labour Party rightly welcomed the government's proposal and saw in it the chance of just such a Middle Eastern settlement as this journal has long been advocating. Mr Bevan made the right constructive suggestions. We should aim at an agreement with the Arabs and with Russia, which, as the one great power with a Middle Eastern frontier, cannot possibly be excluded. A non-committed Arab area would be able to treat normally and commercially with the rest of the world; both the West and East would have to agree not to create rival military blocs and not to supply the Middle East with arms. By now almost everyone must see the folly of building up Nasser into an Arab hero or making him more dependent on the USSR than he is or wants to be. The frontiers of the present countries, including those of Israel, would be guaranteed, while no objection would be made to Arab states coming together by peaceful negotiation. An economic commission would be set up to finance and aid the desperately needed development of the Middle East.

Here is hope; its realisation depends on both giant blocs recognising that the 'great deterrent' will lead, like other world rivalries, to war unless they could reach compromise solutions before they fall over the abyss.

Comments on the Week's News

Opinion and the Crisis

The government, not unexpectedly, has the majority of public opinion with it in deciding to intervene in the Middle East. To judge by the *Daily Express* and *News Chronicle* polls, the proportion is roughly two-to-one in favour, with a high percentage of 'Don't knows'. (Though, it should be noted, a majority of Labour voters oppose the landings.) An analysis of the returns shows bewildering ignorance of the basic facts of the situation, particularly among those who support the government. This repeats the pattern of Suez: the Tories plus the ignorant *versus* Labour plus the educated. This time, however, the experts on the Middle East are even more firmly united against intervention. It is notable that, among others, Glubb Pasha, Brigadier Longrigg – perhaps the greatest living authority on modern Iraq – and Mr Michael Ionides, the British Representative on the Iraq Development Board, have come out strongly against the government. Equally opposed, we understand, are the bulk of the Foreign Office (including all but one of our Middle East ambassadors) and a number of senior officers, who are appalled at our slender lines-of-communication with the Jordan bridgehead. It will be interesting to see whether, as at Suez, opinion begins to swing round when the failure of the operation becomes manifest; though Mr Macmillan may be skilful enough to fudge the issue in the public mind. Finally, opinion is even more strongly in favour of the Summit talks. This is not inconsistent because many people, who vaguely support intervention, fear its possible consequences and therefore favour immediate talks with Russia.

The 'Hard Slap' in Cyprus

The government seems to have given up for the present all pretence of continuing the difficult search for an agreed political solution to the problem of Cyprus. Sir Hugh Foot's response to the outbreak of violence which the Macmillan plan has touched off is to re-impose yet another 48-hour curfew and resume Harding-style military operations against all members of the Greek community whose political disagreement with Britain is sufficiently obvious to enable them to be plausibly labelled as 'terrorist suspects'. Once again the instruments of policy in Cyprus are censorship, sten guns and the barbed wire concentration camp; and once again the Greek community is the main sufferer, though Turkish terrorism has now at last been outlawed. It is ironical that this new move should come immediately after Archbishop Makarios appealed for an end to violence. It goes without saying that the new policy makes a final solution to the problem of Cyprus infinitely remote: but it may none the less meet with temporary success. Cyprus is a small island and, if the Governor uses the force at his disposal sufficiently ruthlessly, it can be beaten into passivity. It seems increasingly likely that the British government is now aiming no higher than this. A few months ago it was generally accepted in most political circles that Cyprus was no longer of great military value and that Britain would be delighted to accept any viable solution to the political problem. Now back-bench Tory opinion – one of its more interesting spokesmen in this context has been Lord Harding – is again claiming that British authority in the Middle East depends on the maintenance of British rule in Cyprus. Mr Macmillan is a crafty political operator and it may not have escaped his notice that an ultimate fiasco in Jordan could be more acceptable to his back-benchers if it were coupled with a great show of toughness in Cyprus.

A Concession to South Africa

There is no reason to suppose that the recent defence agreement with the South African government is intended to signify any backsliding on the part of Britain on the handing over of the three High Commission territories of Bechuanaland, Swaziland and Basutoland. The facilities granted represent nothing more than normal protection for aircraft and defence in these three countries, all of which substantially abut on to Union territory. Nevertheless, in view of the bitter hostility towards South African racialism, which is virtually unanimous in the territories, it can be expected that considerable suspicion will be shown to the agreement by Africans in each territory. Once a foreign state is granted any military rights, it is by so much the more difficult to resist political claims. The Africans in each of the High Commission territories fully understand that both the South African political parties are pledged to the incorporation of their territories within the Union. All of them are equally determined to develop within the British colonial framework towards internal self-government. Hostility between them and the Union is therefore constantly simmering and any concession by the British government is inevitably seen as a betrayal. They will now look to the Labour Party to probe the government's intentions to their roots, and to secure an immediate reaffirmation that Britain will never hand them over to the South African *herrenvolk*.

Parsimony for British Guiana

It is not only Dr Jagan who is disappointed by the government's cheeseparing attitude to British Guiana. The chairman of Booker Bros, Sir Jock Campbell, trenchantly criticised its policy, declaring that the £5½ million loan 'clearly falls far short of the urgent needs . . . not only for development but to maintain the present low standard of living there, and to relieve the appalling unemployment'. This business leader is so unkind to the businessmen's government as to accuse it of 'an unimaginative attitude . . . towards developing and sharing the common wealth of the Commonwealth'. Some leaders in the poor dependencies like Tanganyika, Nyasaland, and Sierra Leone, with much larger populations, may be somewhat ironic about Dr Jagan's complaints, but their attitude does nothing more than again expose the colossal need for capital throughout the undeveloped territories. It is now universally recognised that, without a very substantial increase in development capital, the people of British Guiana will sink still deeper into the quicksands of rapidly increasing unemployment, economic inertia and political discontent. Yet the British government has been so parsimonious as first to cut down the development programme, then to offer a loan which falls £400,000 short of the reduced programme, and finally to refuse its support to the Swiss Bank Corporation's loan offer.

Going on Holiday?

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Attacking the LCC

The Tories, alias the municipal reformers, having by now given up hope of recapturing the LCC from its Labour majority, have taken to denigrating it instead and to demanding that many of its powers shall be transferred by the present Royal Commission on Government in Greater London to the borough councils, or to the new bodies based on them. This attack has received the general support of *The Times* in a leading article, to which Mr I. J. Hayward, as Leader of the Council, has promptly replied. The immediate onslaught on the LCC turns largely on its reply to the Royal Commission, which asked for any suggestions it had to offer for the redistribution of functions. Its reply is described by *The Times* as 'complacent', because it makes no suggestion for major change. The accusation against the LCC is that it is too large to be a suitable authority for many of the services entrusted to it, and such services therefore fall disproportionately on its officials rather than on the elected members, and could be better performed by the much smaller municipal borough councils, a few of which have what seem to be safe Conservative majorities. The LCC's answer, made on behalf of its safe Labour majority, is that it does not agree. It is quite willing to consider the further delegation of any particular power to the smaller authorities in the London area – or for that matter the extension of some of its powers to a still larger area. But it does not positively suggest any such extension; nor does it accept the charge of bureaucracy, as its authority is already highly decentralised and it makes use of many volunteers to aid it in the administration of services which need the human touch.

The Case of the Five Sailors

On 17 July more than one year after they had been interned by the US Immigration Service (see *NS*, 14 September and 28 December 1957) five young sailors of Franco's Spanish Navy won freedom and the right to cross the frontier to Mexico. The US Circuit Court of Appeals, which had heard the case in December last year, ruled that the US Navy had acted illegally in fetching back these men (who had sought political refuge in Tijuana, Mexico, during a shore leave from their Spanish destroyer in San Diego) to the United States for the purpose of handing them over to their captain as 'deserters'. The court ordered the US Immigration Service, which had held them in custody pending the court's decision, to release them to the Mexican border. Thus ends a case which has had international significance, with a victory for the principle of political asylum. The court's decision is a defeat for the State Department, which had insisted that the young sailors should be returned to Franco under an old treaty

with Spain, signed in 1902. Only a writ of *habeas corpus* procured by a lawyer for the American Civil Liberties Union prevented at the last moment the turning over of the sailors to Franco's navy – though this might well have meant death or at least a long prison sentence for them. The Spanish embassy in Washington has exerted every kind of pressure to have the sailors returned. But the court upheld their right to political asylum and severely criticised the US Navy for its participation in the scheme to get the sailors back after they had already left United States territory. Unless the State Department is going to appeal against the decision, which seems unlikely in view of the adverse publicity it has received both in the US and Mexico, the five Spanish sailors will now be brought to the Mexican border where the Mexican government has already announced it will give them political asylum.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

Second Thoughts

The dispatch of marines to Lebanon gave that spur to national unity which sudden military involvements generally do, at least for the moment. Democratic leaders in Congress were as prompt to endorse the move as Republicans, both modern and archaic. Former Presidents Hoover and Truman alike voiced quick approval, and Adlai Stevenson at least implied his support. Nevertheless, there was shock and sharp criticism, too, and unless the Administration can in some presently unforeseeable way turn the episode into a quick, easy and obvious triumph, Lebanon will likely be for the Republican Party the albatross that Korea was for the Democrats.

Editorial reaction was mixed from the start, with the opposition showing a remarkably strange assortment of bedfellows. The only New York papers, for example, that sounded a sour note in the general chorus of praise were the liberal *Post* and the *Wall Street Journal*. The *Post* regretted that 'we are risking so much on so muddy a front with such dubious allies, such limited objectives and so negative a battle-cry', while the organ of high finance suggested bluntly that we were simply fighting for oil. If this is so, it argued, in remarkably leftish tones, 'it is not a crusade against Communism and aggression upon which we ride but a frank power drive of precisely the kind we have so long deplored in others'.

Not surprisingly, press criticism appeared to be strongest in the Midwest, normally Republican but always inclined towards isolationism. The truculently right-wing Chicago *Tribune* looked vainly for 'some signs' that the Administration 'understood' what it was doing in Lebanon, and the middle-of-the-road *Sun* thought the landings might well 'turn the entire Arab world once and for all away from the United States'. Leading Wisconsin papers were even more dubious about the unilateral action, and so was the influential St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. The Dallas *News* with Texan delicacy expressed the currently popular bit of hindsight that 'Britain, France and Israel should have been left free to kick in Nasser's teeth'.

The same strange cross-currents were apparent in Congress. Members who ideologically shared little more than a common disapproval of cannibalism, found themselves in agreement about the ordering of troops to the Middle East. While the top leadership – Johnson and Rayburn for the Democrats, Knowland and Bridges for the Republicans – lined up for the Administration, condemnation came from individuals of varied persuasion. Senator Morse, a maverick liberal Democrat from Oregon, branded the decision 'a sorry and historic mistake', since 'we have no right to use American troops in a civil war in Lebanon, or anywhere else'. Senator Jenner, an Indiana Republican of the McCarthy school, took the same view and with more vitriol. Normally Jenner's attitude toward the United Nations is less cordial than Mao Tse-tung's, but he seemed willing to accept Hammarskjold's minimising of foreign infiltration in Lebanon rather than justify American intervention. 'Remember Korea', he shouted. 'That was a war we couldn't win and dared not lose'. Cooper of Kentucky, a mild Eisenhower Republican, pledged his support to the President but thought the Lebanese action 'unwise', and Liberal Democrats split wide open on the issue, with Humphrey, Mansfield and Kefauver expressing grave doubts, while others of the group gave their solemn blessing.

Taking over the leadership of the doubters and critics was Senator Fulbright, of Arkansas, ranking Democrat on the extremely important Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Raking the Administration fore and aft for its diplomacy in the Middle East, Fulbright charged it with failure to make up its mind 'as to whether Arab nationalism – epitomised in Nasser – was a force with which we should try to work or a force which we should oppose'. We had wobbled between the two views. 'Obsessed with our fear of Communism', moreover, we found ourselves unable to tell a nationalist groundswell from a Moscow conspiracy.

Unless the present crisis should explode into a full-scale war, as few here expect, these and many other far-reaching questions will be explored in a searching survey of American foreign policy for which the Foreign Relations Committee is now seeking funds, somewhat to the dismay of the State Department. The Committee would report well in advance of the 1960 elections, a prospect rich in political implications for the Democratic forces.

ROBERT BENDINER

Buenos Aires

The Affair of the Judges

A Latin-American Correspondent writes: President Frondizi has successfully defeated the first attempt to unseat him since he took over the presidency three months ago. Behind a heavy barrage of right-wing press publicity about the executive's attempt to meddle 'unconstitutionally' with the affairs of the judiciary, the forces of the defeated right-wing Radicals, together – in a picturesque alliance – with the disgruntled generals and admirals of the Aramburu entourage, tried to organise a *coup d'état*, which was stillborn. In fact, at one stage of the proceedings the conspirators even tried to enlist the open support of General Aramburu. But he, recognising the folly of the attempt, declined and made it clear that the right-wing will have to look elsewhere if they want a de Gaulle to lead them.

The facts behind the attempt are as follows: all appointments to judicial posts had become void by law when General Aramburu became *de facto* ruler of the country. In order to institute some sort of regularity into judicial proceedings, he passed a decree-law making all appointments legal and binding until a constitutionally elected government took power. This happened last May when President Frondizi received the seals of office. He therefore revised a number of judicial appointments before re-establishing the tenure of the posts. This was justified on two counts: first, a number of judges had been hurriedly appointed by General Aramburu's military junta and were notorious for their right-wing views and opposition to President Frondizi; secondly, there were still some judges 'left over' from the Peronist period who had been involved in a dubious decision over a large-scale fraud with government funds. In fact, this decision had even been rescinded by the Supreme Court, and it had become a matter of sheer decency to ease into retirement the judges who were either bribed or otherwise influenced to help the Peronists to those funds.

Allowing for all these exceptions, the Frondizi administration confirmed well over 80 per cent. of the judges in their posts and made only four controversial appointments. These appointments – now even the government accepts this – were a grave mistake. Ill-advised, Frondizi replaced at least two good judges for two who were just not respected as legal minds even within the profession. This caused widespread commotion amongst lawyers and law students. The affair would have ended there had it not been for the fact that it was used by the conspirators as a possible means of rallying popular support for an anti-Frondizi *coup*. The justification for the *coup* – according to its instigators – was that Frondizi was a toy in the hands of 'Communists, Peronists and the like' and that his 'intolerable interference with the judiciary was a sign of things to come'. Close friends of Admiral Isaac Rojas established contacts with the more rabid supporters of Dr Balbin, the defeated right-wing Radical candidate to the presidency, and everything was poised for the blow. But Frondizi moved too fast. Two of the leaders of the abortive *coup* were held under house-arrest for over a week following the 9 July celebrations, while his Intransigent Radical supporters closed ranks around Frondizi. Contrary to the allegations of the opposition, Frondizi, faced with the uproar in the corridors of the Supreme Court, accepted the fact that he had committed a mistake, asked for the resignation of the new judges and within a few hours solved the crisis.

Everything has quietened down now, though some extraordinary allegations are being made against Frondizi. It is being said, for instance, that he irresponsibly wants to buy an aircraft carrier. The fact is that it is just because he will not do this that he finds himself in constant friction with the armed forces. The purchase of the carrier is said to be the price exacted by the armed forces for their acquiescence in Frondizi's electoral victory. Something similar happened in Brazil where the armed forces' timely intervention saved President Kubitschek from a right-wing *coup d'état*. Their loyalty was subsequently rewarded with an appropriate toy: an aircraft carrier. The Argentine navy think that if Brazil can have something big to play with they should be allowed similar facilities; and Frondizi's reluctance to agree to this one-sided point of view is considerably embarrassing his relations with the armed forces.

Westminster

The Apotheosis of Selwyn

Shortly after half-past three last Tuesday, a tremendous cheer welled up from the opposition benches. This, in itself, was interesting for the opposition had not recently felt much like cheering anything. But what was even more interesting, indeed astounding, was that the recipient of this cheer was Mr Selwyn Lloyd, our assiduous and semi-permanent Foreign Secretary. Lloyd is by now so used to provoking anger and derision in his opponents that he must sometimes hesitate to blow his nose for fear of causing a storm and he tends nowadays to scurry through whatever brief is put into his hands and sit down, looking for reassurance to such colleagues who happen to be on either side of him. On Wednesday, as usual, he was rattling away when suddenly the House sat up. Could this really be true? Without change of pace, without even the suspicion of a blush Lloyd was delivering an almost impassioned declaration of faith in the United Nations.

I do not know whether this passage in his brief came as a surprise to the Foreign Secretary, but it certainly came as a surprise to the opposition, who will never forget Suez and had not yet had time to forget that only two days previously the Foreign Secretary had been sneering at the United Nations performance in Lebanon. There was a moment of indecision and then came the great wave of cheers which drowned even the screeching of Lloyd's brakes. He looked up, apprehensively. Surely these cheers must be derisive? They were only momentarily so. For, once the opposition realised that the government was in reality accepting the Krushchev proposal for a Summit meeting, subject to the essential proviso that this meeting should be in the United Nations under Article 28 of the Charter, the opposition was prepared, in delight and relief, to let bygones be bygones. Lloyd finished his speech in such a glow of opposition approval that when he sat down he looked almost sunburned. Alas, he can never have it both ways; and inevitably there was something of a chill at the back of his neck. At best the temperature behind him was tepid and in one corner there were several degrees of frost. That splendid personage, the Lord Hinchingbrooke, stiff backed and disdainful looking as ever, kept shaking his head so continuously that one feared he might slit his throat on his own high collar.

Why had the government, seemingly only a few days ago against both an early Summit meeting and United Nations intervention in the Middle East, so dramatically changed its line? Was it because the rebels in Iraq had turned out to be at least honorary ex-public school boys? Or was it because our intervention in Jordan, thoughtlessly made, now stood revealed as a piece of stupidity from whose consequences only a *deus ex machina* could save us? Was Krushchev the *deus* and the United Nations the *machina*? Mr Aneurin Bevan, who immediately followed Lloyd, may have been tempted to play with such speculations but he put the temptation on one side. A packed and relieved House was not at that moment in a mood for recrimination and Bevan suited it perfectly when, at once, without reservation, he welcomed the proposals which Lloyd had just made. He still further engaged himself to the House with some agreeable banter about the reception which Krushchev, that connoisseur of hospitality, would surely receive in New York; and that was about all that would normally be expected from the average spokesman for an opposition.

But Bevan is not average. He sees that an opposition has a duty to propose as well as to oppose. The government had so far made only a gesture; and, as Mr Harold Lever said, wooing Krushchev with gestures was about as much use as trying to win the favours of an expensive courtesan with a love poem. The government, rightly, was at last proposing to have talks. But that was not enough. We must have concrete proposals to talk about. Bevan proceeded to supply them.

There was nothing particularly new in his proposals; but, as Bevan propounded them, it was interesting to watch the faces of government supporters opposite. All sections on the government side in recent days have felt themselves in something of a vacuum. To the Suez group, the government's habit of dashing in and then pulling up sharp has been exasperating. Either you are prepared to go the whole hog or you don't go at all. On the centre and left of the Tory party, there has been increasing doubt, not just about the execution of traditional Tory policy, but about the philosophy which underlines it. More and more Tories are beginning to wonder whether, both because of Britain's diminished power and because of the upsurge of nationalist feeling in hitherto subject peoples, this philosophy is not completely out of date. But they have not, as yet, anything to put in its place. Both sections therefore listened intently to see whether Bevan could fill the vacuum, and Bevan gave them one of his really great performances. It may even be that the Tory party in its nakedness will accept the clothes which he offered it this week; and, if this happens, the opposition, having felt that during the past week the world has been near to war, will not complain that its bathe has been spoiled.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

Substantial Unity

'It all seems a little too good to be true', said *The Times* on Wednesday. And so with varying degrees of enthusiasm said the rest of the press. It must indeed be a very long time since any Prime Minister has been able to read his morning papers with the same glow of satisfaction as Mr Macmillan was able to, following the announcement in the House on Tuesday that he was prepared to meet other Heads of State in a Summit conference on the Middle East at the Security Council in New York.

Earlier, the press had been very far from presenting any such solid front on the British and American interventions. It was, in fact, almost evenly divided, with the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Herald*, the *News Chronicle*, the *Mirror* and the *Observer* solidly opposed. This, I think, may properly be accounted to the credit of Fleet Street, which gave, on this occasion at least, solid evidence that, despite some of its more superior critics, it does not simply slavishly tag on behind public opinion. Indeed it is worth noting that neither the *Mirror* nor the *News Chronicle*, both of which lost significantly in circulation when they opposed the Suez landings, had a moment's hesitation in opposing the Lebanon and Jordan landings.

Though divided about the intervention, Fleet Street was pretty substantially united from the first in believing that Mr Krushchev's offer must be accepted in some form – or at any rate not rejected out of hand. None of them overlooked the strong propaganda content of Mr Krushchev's note. But even the *Sunday Dispatch*, which headlined its story Kremlin At Its Sinister Best, and the *Daily Sketch*, which is now practically pathological in its determination to show that nothing worth consideration can be expected not merely from Russia but from anywhere on the Labour benches in the House of Commons, came to the conclusion that the offer could not be rejected. Of the more serious papers the *Sunday Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* were, as is to be expected, the most cautious and the most darkly suspicious. But even they, to quote the *Telegraph*, considered that an unvarnished No would not be the right reply.

It would be historically interesting to know how large a part this wide measure of press agreement that an immediate and positive reply must go to Mr Krushchev had in shaping Mr Macmillan's policy to go ahead in proposing a meeting at the Security Council, despite the reluctance of President Eisenhower and the objections put forward by de Gaulle. Whatever part it did in fact play, Mr Macmillan as a determined newspaper reader would certainly feel that he had had his reward the following morning. Few newspapers were of course yet ready to commit themselves very far. Having remarked on the transformation which had been brought about both in the House of Commons and elsewhere, *The Times* went on to ask 'Is it all the calm of a poised avalanche? No one dare look ahead very far. So many things can still go wrong'. And the *Manchester Guardian*, while opening its leading article by saying that 'Events are at any rate moving in the right direction', concluded by warning, 'But as yet it is a little early to give thanks. The meeting has not begun and still less approached agreement'. Most of the other papers warned their readers not to let optimism carry them away, but the *Telegraph* was not alone in suggesting that, in view of the need for speedy action and hard thinking and with the centre of attention moving to New York, it seemed a little difficult to understand why Mr Dulles's journey to London should be considered necessary. Mr Macmillan may also perhaps have noted the considerable degree of support given by the press to the four principles for a long-term settlement of the Middle East crisis put forward by Mr Bevan. The principles, said *The Times*, are 'by no means far fetched'.

In this general chorus of national unity behind the idea of Summit talks at the Security Council and the attempt to make the Summit meeting the vehicle for a fundamental reappraisal of the Middle East situation, only the *Daily Express* struck a discordant note. The *Daily Express* is not against Summit talks. Indeed it was strongly for them earlier in the week. But its hatred of the United Nations outruns its sense of international danger. 'The wrong answer to Russia' it headed its Wednesday morning leader and went on to describe the idea that the talks should take place under the wing of the United Nations as utter nonsense since, according to the *Express*, the United Nations 'is an organisation dedicated to the pursuit of mischief and the persecution of colonial powers, provided they are western powers'. But then the Beaverbrook press is always indomitable in its feuds. It even succeeded in turning the Jordan landings into an attack on its old enemy Earl Mountbatten, announcing in the *Sunday Express* that the one clear moral of the landing was that the air was more important than the sea and that 'from this day the Chief of the Defence Staff must always be an airman'. Lord Beaverbrook cannot complain his staff don't work hard for him.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

High Noon in Kuweit

IRAQ was the political centre of British power in the Middle East; but in recent years its economic centre has shifted decisively to Kuweit. Hence, now that the British government has written off the Nuri es-Said regime – and with it our political dominance in Baghdad – its efforts to defend the shrinking periphery of our influence will centre on Kuweit. Will it be necessary for us to intervene there? And in what circumstances can, or should, such intervention take place?

First, let us make no mistake about Kuweit's economic importance. Though less than three-quarters the size of Wales, and with a population of under 230,000, Kuweit is now the world's fourth biggest oil producer, coming after the US, Venezuela and Russia. Commercial production started only in 1946, but the international oil cartel boosted its output in 1951, during the Abadan crisis, in order to weaken the bargaining position of the Persian government: from 17.3 million tons in 1950, it rose to 28.2 million tons in 1951 and it is now in the region of 58 million tons. Kuweit is the nearest approach to a petroleum engineer's dream. In the US, for instance, an investment of $40,000 is required to increase crude oil output by one barrel; in Venezuela, the figure is $15,000; in the Middle East as a whole, $3,000; in Kuweit, less than $2,000.

This enormous variation is explained by the fact that in Kuweit oil lies comparatively near the surface (average depth of wells drilled is 5,000 feet) and the field can be charted with a high degree of accuracy. Hence, whereas in America only one in every 100 wells drilled yields oil in commercial quantities, the overall Middle East proportion is one in five, and in Kuweit, one in one (excluding, of course, observation wells). The pressure in the field is exceptionally high; no pumping is required (as in many of the Persian and Iraqi wells) and the yield, both in quantity and quality, is the highest in the world. Whereas in the US average yield per well is 11 barrels a day, in Kuweit it is well in excess of 5,000. Geographical, in addition to geological, factors add to Kuweit's profitability: the main field lies on rising ground only a few miles from the sea, so that the oil, under the force of gravity, is effortlessly brought through giant pipelines direct to a deep-water terminal, which can accommodate the world's largest super tankers. Finally, and perhaps most important of all, Kuweit has the world's largest proved reserves: a conservative estimate places them at 23 per cent. of the global total.

Analysed in terms of oil supplies, therefore, Kuweit is very nearly vital to Britain: it produces 50 per cent. of our crude imports. This in itself need not worry us; if the British protectorate were brought to an end, or even if Kuweit seceded to the United Arab Republic, she would presumably continue to sell us her oil. The real importance of Britain's connection with Kuweit is financial. Although British Petroleum has only a 50 per cent. interest in the Kuweit Oil Company (the remainder is held by the US Gulf Oil), Kuweit is part of the Sterling Area, and the transactions of both its government and the oil company are therefore conducted in Sterling.

Direct well-head profits are in the region of £220 million a year, of which the company and the ruler each receive half; but, due to the high quality and low cost of the oil, the parent companies' profits, in the transportation, refining and distribution processes, are considerably greater, and BP's Kuweit profits help to finance development in other theatres. Moreover, of the Ruler's cut, between one-third and one-fifth is immediately re-invested in London; so that Kuweit currently provides about 11 per cent. of the liquid funds available for investment in the entire Sterling Area. Kuweit's total contribution, both direct and indirect, to the Area's trading position is impossible to calculate in exact percentage terms, but many economists would argue that, without it, the Area could not continue in its present form.

How can the Sterling connection be preserved? Over the last decade it has certainly grown weaker. In 1952, after the Ruler had decided to inaugurate a 15-year Development Plan, we persuaded him to entrust it to a British Controller of Planning, and all contracts were awarded to a group of five British firms. But the Controller soon resigned in disgust; the British contracts were wound up and have since been allocated to foreign firms. British exports, which once held the indisputable first place, are now second to American and total under 20 per cent. Moreover, there are no very sound economic reasons why Kuweit should wish to remain within the Area. In the past we have placated the local merchants by allowing a free dollar market to operate there, but we were forced to curtail it last year when the British government belatedly discovered that London firms were exploiting Kuweit as a dollar loophole. The only reason why Kuweit chooses Sterling is that the Ruler sees it as the price for British protection against predatory enemies, both internal and external. We are thus economically as well as politically tied to the rotting corpse of the ruling family.

Unlike Bahrein, Kuweit is not a progressive state. The huge new hospitals, schools and reservoirs are merely a facade concealing corruption, profligacy and brutality on a breathtaking scale. Unlike the other Gulf rulers, the As-Sabah family has always refused to appoint a British political adviser, and conducts its affairs in a manner roughly comparable with early Norman England, before Henry I founded the Exchequer. The £110 million annual oil royalties are regarded as the Ruler's personal income, for which he is not accountable. There is a so-called 'budget' – usually scrapped in the course of the year – but no detailed accounts are kept, let alone audited. All government ministries are headed by a member of the royal family, who makes no distinction between his own personal finances and those of the department he allegedly administers.

Most of the financial power has been gathered into the hands of the Ruler's half-brother, Sheikh Fahad, a sort of Arabian Pooh-Bah, who runs the Development Board, Public Works, Health, Local Government, Housing and Posts and Telegraphs. What goes on in his supply compound is nobody's business (or, rather, everybody's business, for the Kuweitis have a shrewd idea that it contains, among other items, a stockpile of unused Cadillacs and ten cases of Max Factor lipstick). The police and the army are run by another member of the family, a thug called Sheikh Mubarak, who does not hesitate to employ artillery against troublemakers. The only As-Sabah who appears to have the glimmerings of common sense is the young Sheikh Jaber Al Ahmed, whom the British piously hope will succeed the present Ruler (who is 66). My guess is that Mubarak and Fahad will do a deal together to oust Jaber.

But will there *be* a succession? It looks increasingly doubtful. Burrowing industriously beneath this pyramid of wealth and folly is an army of 'foreign' Arab intellectuals. Kuweit has had less than a decade of public education, and most of its technicians and administrative personnel are recruited from the more advanced Arab countries. 'Foreign' Arabs now number nearly one-fifth of the total population and hold 90 per cent. of the jobs requiring literacy. In the administration alone there are 1,200 Palestinians and Egyptians. In the key sphere of education – which in Kuweit, as in Russia, is largely a political business – only 98 Kuweitis hold teaching posts, compared with 262 Egyptians, 437 Palestinians, 20 Lebanese and 65 others. The activities of the Egyptians and Palestinians are co-ordinated by the Egyptian Cultural Mission, a Nasserite Cominform which does not hesitate to employ blackmail against those who refuse to follow the Cairo line.

Kuweit has no constitution, and the absolute prerogatives of the Ruler are unmitigated by any representative institutions. But, though political parties are banned, political clubs flourish and a recognisable nationalist movement is emerging. Its two leaders – roughly representing the right and left wings – are Sheikh Jarem Al-Katani, the young, British-trained ex-Chief of Police, who resigned during Suez, and Dr Ahmed Khatib, an able if saturnine figure who controls an effective mob network. I have no doubt that when the moment comes, these two young men, assisted by the 'foreign' Arabs, will be able to oust the As-Sabahs as speedily as the Iraqis ousted the Hashemites.

And what, in this event, will be the response of the British? We do not know exactly what are our obligations towards the ruling family, for some details of the protectorate treaty remain a closely guarded secret. Certainly it gives the British no right to interfere in Kuweit's internal affairs, though it apparently guarantees the Ruler's personal protection. It also forbids the Ruler – i.e., the government – to cede any territory to a foreign power without the express authorisation of the British. Should Kuweit attempt to join the UAR – or even, perhaps, to abandon the Sterling connection – we might invoke this clause to justify military occupation. A similar clause was recently used as a pretext for the seizure of the Sultanate of Lahej, in the Aden Protectorates.

A crisis in Kuweit would thus place the British government on the horns of a fearful dilemma. Military occupation is obviously not a long-term policy, nor even a short one, for it would not necessarily ensure the security of our oil operations there; but equally the loss of our privileged position in Kuweit could inflict a mortal blow at our world trading position. We can only hope that the crisis will not come, and we should therefore welcome the Ruler's conversations with Nasser in Damascus. They seem to have made an *ad hoc* agreement, under which Nasser guarantees not to unleash the nationalist forces, so long as the Ruler refused Britain permission to land troops.

Should we survive this climacteric, however, it is essential that we should solve our dilemma by rebuilding our relations with Kuweit on a realistic basis. Under the present treaty, the development of a long-term British policy towards Kuweit is impossible. We do not possess the power to dissuade the As-Sabahs from folly, but we are nevertheless under the obligation to protect them from its consequences. I believe the answer is a 'phased withdrawal'. The British have often been accused of interference in the Gulf; the trouble is, we have not interfered enough;

and interference can become tolerable, even welcome, provided it is made clear in whose interests we have acted and precisely how long it will go on. We should, therefore, set ourselves a deadline – five years would be a realistic period for Kuweit – and announce publicly that at the end of this time the existing treaty will be replaced by a new one under which we shall divest ourselves of all obligations save that of defending Kuweit from external attack. The Ruler should be told that he has precisely five years to draw up a constitution and come to terms with his subjects, and that after this he will have to fend for himself. The deadline should be adhered to, no matter what happens; but in the meantime we should not scruple to use every available means to force the Ruler to act in his own long-term interests. (A similar formula can be applied to the other Gulf states, notably to the more advanced Bahrein, where the 'probationary period' could be reduced to two years.) Such a solution would not, in itself, ensure that Kuweit remains in the Sterling Area. But, after all, the Area is primarily a banking organisation; and it is up to the banker to offer his clients terms sufficiently attractive to induce them to remain faithful.

PAUL JOHNSON

Broadcasting and the Crisis

ONE of the most interesting – and, to most Socialists and Liberals, depressing – Gallup Polls ever published in the *News Chronicle* was this week's, on the British landings in Jordan. Published on Monday and analysed on Tuesday, it showed that 54 per cent. of British voters approved of the landings; and that (with 'don't knows' at 18) only 28 per cent. disapproved.

Although the analysis was headlined '*What Makes Public Opinion?*', it did not attempt to assess the degree to which public opinion on this issue had been influenced by the various media of information – the press, sound-radio, and television. Probably this could not have been done dependably: few uncommitted voters at any rate could say, with honest certainty, exactly which medium had influenced them most strongly to take up a position on this or any other issue. This gap in the analysis is, none the less, unfortunate, for the present Middle Eastern crisis is unprecedented in one respect: it is the first international crisis involving Britain which has been fully covered, in news, comment, and discussion, on television. The fact that this has passed almost without notice indicates the speed with which TV has become part of the accepted fabric of society.

The change is due in part to the dropping of the 14-day rule. That rule still operated at the time of the Suez crisis. It seems incredible, with the recent TV and radio coverage fresh in one's memory, but, apart from straight news-bulletins, silent film of landings, and a few expert talks, the main TV treatment of Suez while the crisis was at its height consisted of set speeches by the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition. It was not until ten days later, for instance, that ITN's roving reporter, Robin Day, roved as far as Egypt with sound-cameras.

Things are indeed different now. In the past two weeks there have been, on both TV channels and on sound, literally dozens of controversial discussions of matters which were imminently to be debated by parliament. Sound-film shot in Beirut last Saturday was seen in Sunday night's news-bulletins. (Attempts to use the Eurovision network to get film to London even more quickly were unsuccessful: one consignment of British film was sent, by an unfortunate error, to Budapest.) The pictures, with sound, of American marines landing in Beirut – their faces set in accordance with their 'battle' conditioning, though bathers and touts were swarming round them, their huge troop-carriers rumbling through the western-looking streets – stay in the mind more vividly than the most admirable printed descriptions of the same scenes. By early this week, the whole Middle East was a shimmering galaxy of BBC stars: Chataway in Teheran, Wyatt in Amman, Robert Key and Erik de Maunay in Ankara, George Scott in Nicosia; plus regular staff correspondents and, of course, ITV teams.

Both the achievement and the problems were, technically, considerable. As in a newspaper office when a big story breaks late at night, film coming in from the airport had to be – as one TV newsman put it to me – 'just chucked on the air'. The film of the Security Council debate must have been appallingly difficult to sub-edit against the clock: a kind of visual Hansard of it was really called for (but would have run for hours and would have been, mostly, boring to most viewers). Again as in press handling of late news, there are dangers of at least accidental distortion.

The main point that must concern us is this: apart from accidental distortion through reporting 'in the raw', how fair has TV and radio coverage of the crisis been? Have comment and discussion been loaded in favour of the government? Is it purely a coincidence (as opponents of the government will certainly hope, since this development is clearly irreversible) that, in the first major crisis fully displayed on TV, the government should be sustained by so favourable a Gallup Poll? It would also be interesting to note any marked difference in impartiality between the two TV channels. The BBC, as part of the Establishment, would be an obvious suspect; ITV is less Establishment-minded, and is more strictly bound by statute to be politically impartial, but is for other reasons less acceptable to many opponents of the government.

It is impossible to give conclusive answers to these questions. The answers would not be demonstrably correct even if one assembled and analysed the scripts and transcripts of every relevant word uttered on the air in the last two weeks; for cold type cannot convey the subtle sneer in which a newscaster may refer to a person disapproved of, or the note of ringing, warm sincerity that may inform his voice as he quotes a rhetorical phrase by some official spokesman. There does seem, however, to be rather more of that tendentious 'alleged' in radio summaries of statements by, say, Krushchev or Nasser than in radio summaries of statements by Dulles or Selwyn Lloyd – e.g., at 8 a.m. on Tuesday, 'Mr Sobolev devoted much of his speech to renewed denunciations of *what he called* British and American aggression'; and I didn't much like the smiling airiness with which, at the end of ITV's *Look Ahead!* on Sunday night, Ian Trethowan (good as he is in general) assumed that next day's *Pravda* summary of the Soviet proposals might be 'just propaganda'; and ITN, one evening, played martial music, of the kind supposed to stir the blood, not only during film of British troops emplaning for Jordan (which might be legitimate) but during the newscasting between the shots.

But nobody, not even a professional critic, could possibly have watched and heard all these broadcasts; the inevitable repetitiveness of many of them would have lulled one into inattention. All that one can do is to report one's personal, subjective, general impression and that of other people; and to put direct questions to spokesmen of the two authorities.

My own general impression is that, perhaps unconsciously, both sound-radio and TV – and I find it hard, in retrospect, to distinguish between the channels – were influenced by the general atmosphere of pre-belligerence towards a 'national' attitude which would be inevitable, and perhaps justifiable, in a state of actual war. I must qualify this by saying that such gross jingoism as there was came from participants in controversial discussions, that a point of view critical of the government was expressed on a number of occasions, and that such reporting of parliament as I heard (but *not* last Saturday's *News Review*) seemed absolutely objective.

Bias in favour of the government seemed to occur mostly in contributions by experts specially invited to broadcast; and here one may, I think, justly guess that, if there are two experts of equal eminence on a subject, the BBC will be apt, at a time of crisis, to invite the one whose views are likely to be more favourable to the government. In *At Home and Abroad* last Friday, Professor Arthur Goodhart gave a talk on the questions of international law involved in the Anglo-American expeditions. Somewhat disingenuously (or naively) he began by saying that he would not refer to 'the political aspect', as he was '*solely* concerned with the law'; but the whole tenor of what he said seemed to justify the Anglo-American action – particularly because he referred repeatedly to the United Nations without mentioning the action already taken there or the observers' report. A similar legalistic exercise was undertaken for TV by Mr Eli Lauterpacht; his formulation of a condition for intervention (a revolt 'inspired and supported by an outside state') implied that the present question might be begged in favour of the government.

Thursday of last week – the day of the landings in Jordan and the division in the Commons – provided a crucial test. A friend of mine who has occasion to monitor TV programmes tape-recorded everything that evening, on both channels, that might be relevant to the crisis. His general verdict is similar to my own, but is rather more favourable to ITV than to the BBC because ITV's main discussion programme on that night, *This Week*, was much more fairly balanced than the *ad hoc* discussion screened by the BBC.

On the same night, however, the Home Service broadcast a *Matters of Moment* discussion (in 'Radio Link' form) in which an Egyptian journalist was given a fair chance.

Both *Tonight* and *Panorama* had several items relating to the crisis, but both, unfortunately, are now 'resting'; as – equally unfortunately – is *Free Speech*. One item in *Tonight* was a series of snap street interviews with Londoners, balanced fairly equally for and against the government. This kind of material is always compulsively entertaining, but it is of its nature completely haphazard: those interviewed are often quite uninformed and may not be representative. ITN has probably been wise, therefore, deliberately to abstain (except, I think, for one evening) from this easy way of filling a bulletin. Such an item is legitimate in a varied magazine-programme like *Tonight*, but in a news-bulletin, whose primary purpose must be to inform the viewers accurately and authoritatively, it is an evasion of responsibility.

One of the specific questions which I put to the BBC was whether it was true – as had been

rumoured – that a Foreign Office official had been seconded to the BBC as an adviser on policy for the period of the crisis. The answer is No – though, for External Services only, there is a Foreign Office official ('not of very senior rank, a Second Secretary') who 'maintains liaison' by having a desk ('*not* an office') at Bush House. This formal arrangement started at the time of Suez. The official in question has probably visited Bush House (where he has the right to read all scripts for broadcast overseas) more often in the past fortnight than he usually does.

The relations between the ITV programme-companies and the Foreign Office are said by ITA to be 'identical with those of the newspapers'. No special directive about the crisis was issued to the companies by ITA; ITA claims to have led the companies gradually towards a frame of mind in which such a situation will be handled with proper seriousness; occasionally the companies or ITN will test ITA's reaction to some project.

Now that we have felt the full effects of the ending of the 14-day rule, the responsibility of those in charge of television is a heavy one, as both authorities must be aware – not least because people are turning more and more to radio and especially to television to check what they read in their newspapers. It is indeed the presentation of news – which people are most inclined unguardedly to accept as authentic (even if, instead of a summary of a Krushchev letter, it gives us a Foreign Office comment on the letter) – that must be watched most carefully.

TOM DRIBERG

London Diary

SOME left-wing Labour MPs complain that, whereas they are expected to be 'loyal' or take the consequences, right-wingers are allowed to do much as they please. When Mr Aneurin Bevan disagreed with his colleagues on the Parliamentary Committee over the formation of Seato, he was at once under pressure to resign and did resign; but when last week a small group of right-wingers let it be known that they would disregard a majority decision to vote in the first of the two Middle East debates they were allowed to wag the dog. The complaint is justified; as against the Left, the doctrine of Cabinet responsibility is pushed to such absurd lengths that Bevan was not allowed to explain his difference with the majority of the Parliamentary Committee to a party meeting of Labour MPs who choose the Committee. But would this be a sound argument for compelling George Brown to resign because he decided to abstain from voting in the second debate? Not in my view – I don't like intolerance. But it decidedly does mean that in future the Left should be allowed to claim a similar liberty. In its statement on the affair, the Committee suggests that Brown abstained for the purely personal reason of his close friendship with the assassinated rulers of Iraq. But this explanation deceives no one. The fact is that Brown believes that the American and British actions in the Middle East are right and cannot conscientiously oppose them. Whether, holding such views, he can usefully continue as shadow Minister of Defence is a matter for Mr Gaitskell to decide. But Brown has the right to withhold his vote on such a vital question. Sensible MPs, left as well as right-wing, will applaud him, and demand a similar right for themselves. The committee and the party generally, by taking no action against him, have recognised this right and set a long overdue precedent.

I did not expect to be thrilled by the first list of life peers. But I hoped that Mr Macmillan would choose people of distinction who are not in the political world and who could contribute by their specialist knowledge in the realms of science, literature, the arts, sport and many less publicised fields of public service. In sticking so much to party he has missed an opportunity. By elevating Sir Robert Boothby he has removed one of the few brilliant and independent minds from the Commons – which may be why he kicked him upstairs. Dame Katherine Elliot and Lady Reading and Lady Ravensdale are obvious party choices: they could have been usefully off-set by the presence of Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, whose oratory would have done the Lords a bit of good. Barbara Wootton will strengthen the tiny Labour group, and so will Stephen Taylor. But what fun Mr Macmillan would have had if he had broken with tradition, and selected the gifted, the heterodox and the mugwamps.

* * *

No one could fail to be shocked by the brutal murder of Nuri es-Said and the Iraqi royal family. But there is a distinctly sanctimonious tone to the Tory wail of indignation. Our so-called 'friends' in the Middle East have never hesitated to use murder to protect their interests. It now appears that, less than a week before the Baghdad *coup*, Nuri – suspecting that something was brewing – rounded up 27 officers and civil servants and hanged them without trial. King Hussein last year had a 12-year-old boy sentenced to prison merely for writing a letter to Nasser. He recently hanged six political opponents and he has just passed a savage law imposing the death sentence on virtually anyone who criticises the regime. King Saud has a way of dealing with opponents by pumping water into their stomachs, tying up their genitals with wire and then hanging them upside down until they die of burst bladders. Our sheikly 'friends' on the Gulf are little better. A colleague tells me that on his first morning in Kuweit he was awoken at five a.m. by a knock on his door. Outside was a messenger from Sheikh Mubarak – Kuweit's 'strong man'. The Sheikh asked my colleague whether he would care, as a treat, to accompany him to watch the flogging of prisoners. If the British public knew such facts I cannot believe they would allow for one instant the dispatch of British soldiers to defend these monsters.

* * *

Fear is a bad guide to policy, as some of us dared to urge day and night during the Spanish War, when Mr Butler (then Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs) continuously argued that we dared not risk intervention in Spain on behalf of a properly constituted government for fear of getting into trouble with Franco's Fascist allies. I got some idea of the way in which this argument is now going to be used in favour of intervention in a recent television argument. The question was what Russia was likely to do in response to Anglo-American intervention in the Middle East. The answer was that she *might* take the opportunity of moving into Persia or eastern Europe just as she had used the opportunity of our concentration on Suez to intervene in Hungary. According to the egregious John Gordon, to mention such a contingency meant that 'we must never, never, ever (*sic*) do anything that would worry the sensitive Russians even if what they do worries us'. It meant nothing of the sort. There are many actions I should be prepared to take which would annoy the Russians. But they would be actions which I should think right and sensible in themselves and our move into Jordan seems to me silly and wrong as well as dangerous. Of course, fear should not be a guide, but no statesman should act without considering the natural consequences of what he does. In the House of Commons on Thursday, when Nye Bevan began a sentence 'We are afraid . . .', some Tories were foolish enough to interrupt him with laughter. He replied that anyone who was not afraid of the consequences of our action in the Middle East was an 'ass'. He might have used a stronger term. Asses are comparatively intelligent. Dinosaurs, creatures incapable of adapting themselves to circumstances or calculating consequences, were, I am sure, as unafraid as Tory back-benchers. They are extinct.

* * *

I have known Lady Rhondda for some 30 years and always been on excellent terms with her. There was even a time when as an impecunious young man, Critic was a fairly frequent contributor to *Time and Tide*. In those days it was a liberal-minded paper; it carried a regular supplement on foreign affairs by Norman Angell. In the Thirties Lady Rhondda flirted with pacifism, not my kind of pacifism but the mystical brand of Gerald Heard. She was a close friend of Bernard Shaw, and he wrote for her paper as well as for the NS. Once imprisoned as a militant suffragette, Lady Rhondda always retained her feminism. I often felt her paper suffered from a too feminist flavour. Not that there was anything wrong with the team of women who wrote for her. She could scarcely have found an abler collaborator than Veronica Wedgwood and her contributors included Rebecca West as well as Theodora Bosanquet. To my mind much the most level-headed and sympathetic of this feminist group was Winifred Holtby. Lady Rhondda's lament when Winifred Holtby died is probably the most moving thing that she ever wrote. It must be accounted to Lady Rhondda for righteousness that instead of living the very agreeable and lazy life of a millionaire's daughter, she worked hard at her paper, loved it, cosseted it, and spent, as she herself admitted, about £15,000 a year on it.

* * *

Surely there is a familiar ring about Mr Macmillan's loudly acclaimed phrase about being 'neither foolishly swift nor obstinately slow'? The echo, unconsciously no doubt in his mind, comes, I believe, from an Oxford verse, traditionally attributed to Swinburne. The words ran:

> Softly, Cloaca, let thine oblations flow
> Not rudely swift nor obstinately slow.

* * *

In Lincoln's Inn Fields there are tennis courts and a speaker's corner, and spaces where athletic young women of the business houses of Long Acre and Holborn score what to an old footballer seem a preposterous number of goals. There are also some of the finest trees and best kept stretches of grass in London. These things may be observed in bright intervals between the thunder, hail, flood and tempest of a typical English summer. The enlightened authorities are confronted with a dilemma. A park is a place where children should play, couples court and the staid sit in deckchairs doing their crosswords. But if they are allowed to do these things freely the grass quickly gives way to bare earth, which discourages cuddling, is dirty and hard for children to fall on and no longer good for grown-ups to look at. This year the dilemma seems to be well solved. Fences have been put round the lawns, with gates, so that the public can be induced to use them in rotation. Last year's hard, bare patch of mud has been thickly sown and a superb crop of long lush grass takes its place. After it had been mown I was puzzled to see six

gardeners slowly and rhythmically raking up the swathes of cut grass. It had all the look of a primitive countryside in the days before machinery. The reason, I learnt, was that if you mow the new-sown grass too soon with an ordinary machine which throws the cut grass into a box, you tear it up by the roots. To get the lovely, thick, shot-silk effect which is there today, you must give it a rough cut and do the raking job by hand three times over. And you must also be clever about the timing of your sowing, which really means that you need a little bit of luck about the weather.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Of the Prime Minister's speech on Thursday night, Mr Butler said: 'What impressed me most was when he said that he could not see what the outcome would be, but what equally impressed me was the indication that this was in fact a debt of honour and, as such, whether one agrees or not with its motive, is transparent and its legality undoubted.'—*The Times*. (J. Grimond, MP.)

'I often felt his Harrow education did not prepare him for Middle Eastern intrigue,' said Mr Burbank. 'We discussed sending him to Oxford. In the universities you get a wider atmosphere.'—*Oxford Mail*. (R. B. Grassby.)

He was found not guilty of cruelly ill-treating a cat by cutting off its tail and beating it to death with a broom, but guilty of 'conduct to the prejudice of good order' in that he produced the severed tail to airmen and air-women in the dining-room.—*Express and Echo, Exeter*. (J. E. Blake.)

MIDDLE EAST

Red Mirage
JOHN O'KEARNEY
'A sustained tirade against the American policy of supporting regimes "deserving of revolutionary annihilation", and providing arms and aid "to prevent Arab unity, for the sake of oil and bases".' *Daily Telegraph* 15s

Journey into Chaos
PAUL JOHNSON
'Readable, stimulating, hard-hitting'. *Financial Times* 'Anticipating demands by the oil-producing countries for a bigger slice of the profits'. *Daily Telegraph* 'Very much to the point'. *Sunday Times* 15s

MacGibbon & Kee

Questionnaire

'Do you approve of Britain sending troops into Jordan, thus fulfilling the treaty obligations of 1950 and at the request of King Hussein?' (Question used in *Daily Express* 'Poll of Public Opinion'.)

Do you support intervention
By Russia, in Hungary, say,
And the equally noble intention
Of Macmillan today?
I ask you impartially, so
Say yes – or no.

Do you approve of irrational
Senile delinquency, when
(Calling its interests 'national')
It juggles with men?
Do you think that the oil is worth
You – plus the Earth?

Does it matter to you who began it
(Or for what Sacred Cow)
When they're planning the end of the planet
Any time now?
Have *you*, by preserving Hussein,
So much to gain?

Do you agree if I mention
That this was a curious show
Distracting the public attention
From Goldfine and Co.?
Is war, with episcopal blessing,
The best window-dressing?

Do you approve of Nurse Beaver
With a rigged chronometer
Taking your pulse? Or the fever
Shown on her loaded thermometer?
Questions are findings and you've
Just to approve . . .

REGINALD REYNOLDS

In Carey Street

BANKRUPTCY is one of those things most people joke about from time to time but, like fathering (or mothering) triplets. It is essentially something other people get involved in; something to which shame still attaches despite our jokes.

The procedure in bankruptcy and the legal status of a bankrupt are defined in the Bankruptcy Acts of 1914 and 1926 and the Bankruptcy Rules of 1952, some parts of which are in abeyance at the present time. In 1955 the President of the Board of Trade, after consultation with the Attorney-General, set up a committee to consider what amendments are desirable to these Acts, more particularly in regard to the provisions relating to the discharge of bankrupts, and also to inquire into the Deeds of Arrangement Act, 1914. The terms of reference suggest that the calculated bankrupt is the target – the person who builds up business losses and arrears of income-tax with the intention of shedding them eventually by bankruptcy. But these cases are rare, and for the most part those who suffer the intimidating and humiliating process do so as a last desperate resort from which there is no escape. They are mostly the unfortunates and misfits of the small business world with a sprinkling here and there of private persons for whom income never covers expenditure.

In my case I filed my own petition – a procedure so rare apparently that the officials in Carey Street had difficulty in deciding which forms were appropriate. My first attempt was thwarted by the discovery that the debtor is required to pay ten pounds for the privilege of having a receiving order made against him. I had walked to Carey Street, as I was literally without a bus fare; and the ten pounds might as well have been ten thousand. One's borrowing powers at this stage are nil. Still, a friend lent me the money and I went back the next day. At 12.31 p.m. a receiving order was made against me on a form for which I was charged tuppence. Receiving orders and dog licences are always marked with the exact time in minutes. I was asked to produce such money or jewellery or watch as I had on my person. I had tenpence and no jewellery or watch. The tenpence was returned to me. An official was then attached to accompany me to my home but was withdrawn when I said that the business was in the west and I was living in a single furnished room in London.

For the next three days I was questioned intensively by an examiner in the presence of his senior. Every answer was written down and cross-checked. The difficulty of recalling isolated financial facts of years ago is considerable; and, with the best will in the world, it is often impossible to answer accurately. During this time documents and papers relating to one's affairs are gathered together and provide a basis of verification. The duties of the debtor (he is not yet bankrupt) are stated with precision in Section 14 of the Bankruptcy Act, 1914. Briefly, the debtor is required to give all information relevant, and in prescribed form, relating to assets, liabilities, contingencies, names and addresses of creditors and so on. The debtor's financial statement of affairs is on Form 34 – a multiple document of 16 pages. Such is its complexity that its completion would need the skill of a qualified accountant and my guess is that in the end it is the Official Receiver who hammers it into shape. I noticed that in my case the well-worn device of a balancing figure had been used. The effect of this is to attribute to the debtor's personal expenditure any cash which is not otherwise accounted for – a rough kind of justice perhaps, but with the result that I was later called on by the court to justify what appeared to be a large income over the preceding 12 months.

The meeting of creditors took place a week or two later. The debtor has no right to attend, but is compelled to be available for attendance. The practice whereby the debtor sits outside the door while people with whom he has been in business contact file through is particularly hard to justify and is an unnecessary humiliation. As points arise he may be called in to elucidate and then told to wait outside again pending other points. In my case, I was left sitting outside and the estate was left in the hands of the Official Receiver as trustee.

Two months later I was called to appear for public examination before the 'High Court of Justice. In Bankruptcy'. At this hearing the creditors can be present and again question the debtor. Most of the questioning is done by the Official Receiver. During this examination the debtor is under oath. When I rejected the Bible and asked to be allowed to make an affirmation, the officials were at a loss. In the past, apparently, only those accepting the Old Testament or the New, or both, had been bankrupts. Agnostics were a new category. The Registrar made it the occasion to deliver a homily on the immorality of those without religion who got into debt.

This public examination seems to serve no useful purpose and in my view should lapse into

disuse. No information is available that has not previously been available either to the Official Receiver or the creditors. It is mere repetition and is unnecessary to the determination of whether or not the debtor is bankrupt. Usually that has been established at the creditors' meeting and in any event could follow technically on the verification of the statement of affairs. If the statement shows an indubitable deficiency, the debtor is already bankrupt at the time of the public examination, and with all the disabilities attaching to that status. Furthermore, in such cases steps will already have been taken to realise the assets, although that may take many months to complete and is rarely if ever completed before the public examination. In cases where the deficiency is hypothetical, the argument against the public examination is even stronger.

The disabilities are severe. All the property and rights are vested in the trustee. The bankrupt may neither trade nor take part in the management of a business, nor obtain credit, nor possess a banking account. According to the Act, everything must be sold except the clothes he is wearing, the tools of his trade up to £10 in value, and his bed. As I write this, it occurs to me that my bed was in fact taken as well and was bought back from the Official Receiver by my wife. But this was an inadvertence, and in practice the matter of clothing at least is interpreted more liberally. The now undischarged bankrupt is free to earn a living, but is liable to hand over to the court anything above a mere living. Incidentally 'a living' is interpreted according to the station of life of the bankrupt – a curious hangover from the Common Law.

In all this the position of the bankrupt's wife is ambiguous. Her right to earn an income and to retain her own property is undisputed; but in assessing what part of the bankrupt's earnings shall be handed over, the wife's income is taken into consideration. The militant feminist movement could well turn its attention to this matter. As things stand, the law relating to bankruptcy, as to income-tax, favours those living in sin.

In due course I applied for discharge. Again the bankrupt must pay for the forms – £2, if I remember rightly. Discharge may be applied for at any time after being adjudged bankrupt; but, in some odd way, there appears to be a psychological time when the chances are most favourable. I missed the first psychological moment for lack of £2. Section 26 of the Bankruptcy Act, 1914, as amended by Section I of the Bankruptcy (Amendment) Act, 1926, and Section 27 of the 1914 Act lay down the conditions governing discharge. The Official Receiver makes a detailed report which is circulated in advance to the court, the creditors and the bankrupt. Any or all of one's creditors are entitled to object, but rarely do, since they rely chiefly on the Official Receiver. At the end of the report is the significant section that largely determines the outcome. It runs: 'Upon these facts, the Official Receiver submits to the Court and reports: . . .' What he reports is one or more of the 12 circumstances enumerated in Section 26 (3). In my case he reported that 'the bankrupt's assets are not of a value equal to ten shillings in the pound on the amount of his unsecured liabilities'. It is commonly believed that a bankrupt cannot be discharged if his assets do not yield ten shillings in the pound. My assets, I should guess, realised barely half a crown in the pound for unsecured creditors. Nevertheless, I was granted immediate discharge on payment of £100. I remember hearing gratefully the Registrar's words, 'Mr X leaves this Court with no stain of moral turpitude'.

I use the word 'guess' about the dividend. One of the most extraordinary things about the whole business is that, although the bankruptcy is now four years old and the discharge three, I have no knowledge whatever of

(a) The amounts 'proved' by individual creditors, or who they were.

(b) The amounts realised by the various assets, individually or in total.

(c) The eventual dividend.

I had no opportunity of agreeing or disagreeing the amounts claimed against me; and the notion of creditors 'proving' their debts inevitably rings a little hollow.

One disturbing matter was that knowledge of my bankruptcy was conveyed to my employers. After my own business failed, I got a job with a public body and suddenly found myself up against a prejudice that virtually barred my way. However tolerant an employer may be, he cannot but regard the person in a somewhat different light after communications from Carey Street. There can be no possible justification for this. Verification of one's salary is, after all, obtainable from a number of alternative sources.

The number of bankruptcies each year in England and Wales varies inversely with the trade cycle. The figure is a fair indication of the state of trade. In 1956 it was 2,081. In 1932 it was 4,547, and declined with the improving economic trend up to the outbreak of war – the profitability of which is strikingly suggested by the figures of 1,552 for 1940 and 194 for 1945.

It may be that some who read this article may find themselves in situations in which Carey Street seems the only solution. My advice to them would be, avoid bankruptcy if you can. Instead, try to compound with the creditors if at all possible. It will pay both them and you far better.

No. 2143 OF 1954.

In Perspective

ON that warm evening, Finchley Road was like Tel Aviv, down to the prickly carnal perfume of limes, the smell of old milk and blonded women. Polyglot murmuring came through open windows. In one café sat Arabs, in another Israelis. Once their café was owned by a Tel Avivian who called it *Habibi* – my love – until his compatriots' all-night party warfare over a single lemon tea made him go bankrupt. Soon, draped in crimson velvet, gentility returned under new management. But the *hevra* remained: a wide pavement and reasonable *apfel-strudel* have their appeal.

'Nu, what are you waiting for?' Shimon exhorted with a rocky palm. 'Let's hit now, before we're driven into the sea. I can remember in '48, the unit was caught at Wadi Zik-Zik – ' A volley of groans drowned him. Shimon never let anyone forget Wadi Zik-Zik. He wrote his war memoirs at the age of 15. 'Okay, laugh now – cry tomorrow,' he bit vehemently into a brioche, complaining that it was drier than the cake doled out by Shekem canteens back home.

'I grant you,' said a long, knotty exile known as Yitzhak-and-a-half, 'we shall be driven on to the beach. Why do you think the British are there? To play golf?'

No one ventured to explain why the British were there. Yitzhak-and-a-half edged a plate off the table, gloating over each centimetre. 'Any minute, they'll strike a bargain with Jordan: you keep quiet, and we'll compel the Zionists to – what's the word? – "adjust" their frontier.'

Shimon gave a grunt of incredulous disgust. 'You've been reading the *Telegraph*,' someone

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accused Yitzhak, who would vanish for weeks in the British Museum bent on mysterious inquiry. Yitzhak denied it. He read *The Times*, enjoying its weighty, high-grade paper after the inferior grey material of Israel newsprint. 'Do I need a Tory journalist to tell me that both sides want a scapegoat?'

In stoic gloom, they ordered another round of 'English tea', the milk being considered a mark of sophistication. A torn poster began flapping in the night breeze. Ice-cream wrappers scuffled along the gritty kerb.

'Reminds me of home,' said Moshe, who had been sent on the Grand Tour by his father, a marmalade magnate from Rehovot. Brown as a kipper, Moshe flirted with two watery Hampstead poets. The nearest he'd ever met to them were the Talmudical teddy-boys of Jerusalem. They in turn found Moshe crudely alluring.

'Shame he isn't couth,' they kept on giggling. 'So very un. Oh, he's very un.'

Bewildered, Moshe tried to put the conversation straight:

'You tell me, Nasser is not important?' 'Nothing is important,' said one, 'except the Test Match.' Their heads nibbled at each other in a spurt of giggling. Moshe laughed too. 'You English,' he said, bright with comprehension, 'when the world burns, the lords put on their cylinders and go to cricket games.'

This provoked such an anguish of merriment that people turned round to stare. 'Hullo, hullo, hullo boy!' Uranium teeth flashed at Moshe, who flung out a large arm:

'Please meet, this is Hadji. We learn together at the Byron Institute.'

Hadji bent over their table, enormous navy-blue eyes fixed on nowhere. His hands wandered around like butterflies, cajoling. 'I am graduate bachelor of art, Baghdad. I can show you my diploma.' Everyone had stopped talking. 'Yesterday I went in a march of students for our government. Here I show you a photo already.' Moshe examined it. 'I stand in row number three with a banner,' his voice ringing like a telephone in an empty house. The poets gave a little yawn. Hadji sketched a farewell on the air; immaculately thin, he darted rapidly towards the Underground station.

'Ina-an-dinakh,' Shimon swore in Arabic, Hebrew being deficient of oaths, 'why doesn't he go back to fight the bastards?'

Yitzhak-and-a-half unravelled himself from the mock Georgian ironwork, to emphasise: 'That fellow is a relic of feudalism. He's doomed.' 'So what can we do?' Shimon implored; 'I suppose BG should cable congratulations, and tell 'em, please invade us!'

Yitzhak shrugged. The fumes of a 13 bus and a breath of lime came whispering along the dirty pavement.

GERDA COHEN

The Grand Prix Circus

TWENTY years hence, 1958 may well be remembered by millions of motor racing fans as the one in which British cars became supreme in Grand Prix racing after 50 years of failure and disappointment. Many readers will recall the great successes of Bentleys, pre-war, and Jaguars, post-war, in international sports-car racing, but such cars are not 'Grand Prix' cars, which are specially built to an engine formula strictly laid down by the *Fédération Internationale de L'Automobile* which rules all international motor sport. Known as Formula One racing cars, these machines are never sold to the public and are, in fact, very expensive 'one-offs', designed and built purely for racing. In the same way a Grand Prix race has to be of a certain minimum length and duration (two hours or 200 miles) to qualify for the title; and each major European country is allowed one Grand Prix during the racing season. It is for these races only that the winning drivers gain points towards the highest crown in the racing world, the title of World Champion.

It would be natural to assume that British and continental manufacturers would be the firms to build and race Grand Prix cars. Although this was true in the early days, Grand Prix racing in recent years has been entirely sponsored by firms which have, with the notable exception of Mercedes-Benz, only indirect connections with the motor industry. In spite of the lack of interest shown by British motor manufacturers, the extraordinary feature about motor racing today is that, after 50 years of domination by French, German and Italian cars, British cars are at last winning races. Exactly a year ago, when Stirling Moss won the British Grand Prix at Aintree in a Vanwall, he gained the first victory for Britain since Segrave won the French Grand Prix in a Sunbeam in 1923, our only Grand Prix success hitherto recorded. This year British cars have won four out of the six Grands Prix so far run and at the British Grand Prix at Silverstone last Saturday – which was in fact won by an Italian Ferrari – of the 21 starters no fewer than 14 were British-made cars.

Who are the men who have put British racing cars on the map at last? First there is Tony Vandervell, whose firm makes bearings. Vandervell was aggressively determined to see British cars win and has spent five years developing a car which is now a world-beater. A flamboyant extrovert, he spends much of his personal time on the job and is always on the racecourse or in the factory supervising every detail of his racing team.

The other important British contender is Alfred Owen, the Midland millionaire who sponsors the BRM (British Racing Motor) and whose approach is the very opposite to Vandervell's. Controlling 49 companies of the Rubery Owen Group, admittedly many concerned with the engineering industry, Owen devotes most of his spare time to charitable works, being a man of great modesty, religious convictions and generosity. He is rarely seen at the BRM factory or on the race circuits in England, and never at the continental Grands Prix – for he disapproves of racing on Sunday. The BRM was originally backed by a trust of car manufacturers and accessory firms, but when the Grand Prix formula was changed in 1956 Alfred Owen took over responsibility for the new BRM. Although much maligned in the past and fated with bad luck – at Silverstone last Saturday one ran into a hare whose jawbone subsequently punctured the tyre – the BRM this year is gaining respect from everybody and is achieving good second and third places.

The British car, however, which has caused a sensation this year has been the small 2-litre Cooper, whose sponsor, Rob Walker of the whisky firm, has combined his enthusiasm and money with the brilliant designer John Cooper. Already with two Grand Prix wins to its credit, this little car has proved itself a giant-killer.

When one considers that it costs at least £100,000 a year to support a team of racing cars, one might well wonder why Vandervell, Owen and Walker are willing to spend their money this way. There is no hope of making a profit from it. With one accord they would all claim that success in international motor sport carries with it enormous national prestige. This prestige indeed was an asset realised by Hitler and Mussolini before the war when, regardless of cost, they subsidised Mercedes, Auto-Union and Alfa-Romeo, realising that here was an impressive way of advertising to the world their technical achievement. There is no doubt that, living as we do in an increasingly mechanical world, success of a British car in a Grand Prix has a direct effect on our car export sales. It nicely compensates in this year of grace for our failure to win international football matches or to send up a Sputnik.

Although in the past we have never made the best Grand Prix cars, there has been no doubt that we produce the best Grand Prix drivers. In pre-war days the German, French and Italian racing teams invariably used British drivers, and many of our best drivers today gained their racing experience from driving foreign cars. For example, Dick Seaman, who was one of our greatest drivers, drove for Germany until he was tragically killed at the age of 27 just before the outbreak of the last war.

The Grand Prix drivers of Britain are a remarkable band of young men, as diverse in character as they are collectively successful. With the sole exception of Juan Fangio of Argentina, the greatest driver of all time, the best drivers of

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today are British, and all under 30. Of the top four stars, the best known is Stirling Moss, certainly the most intensely professional driver in racing today. Rarely thinking of anything else, nor indeed having any other occupation, he consistently displays brilliant precision of driving and is the runner-up at the moment for the title of World Champion. Being in a position to choose any car in the world to race, it is greatly to his credit that he pinned his faith on the Vanwall last year and thus realised his ambition to win a Grand Prix in a British car. Mike Hawthorn, who is now leading in the World Championship stakes, drives for the Italian engineering firm of Ferrari, for whom he has achieved brilliant successes. With an air of bluff heartiness and an apparent lack of seriousness, he is enormously popular with the crowds, to whom he invariably plays for laughs. However, there are few drivers today who can show such incredible flair and dash, combined with a *joie de vivre* which is not confined to racing: off the course he burns the candle brilliantly at both ends. When not racing, Hawthorn runs a very successful motor business in Farnham, and can be seen working hard on his own stand at the Motor Show.

Hawthorn's team mate, Peter Collins, who last Saturday won the British Grand Prix in superb style in a Ferrari, is unbeatable when in form and never drives a poor race. Son of an extremely successful motor dealer in Kidderminster, Collins lives much more in the style of the famous pre-war 'Bentley boys', such as 'Babe' Barnato and Tim Birkin. Although he works hard in his father's business, he keeps a yacht in Monte Carlo (his father has another in England) and lives a much more glamorous life than his colleagues.

Finally there is Tony Brooks, a modest and quiet dentist from Manchester, who never had any schoolboy ambition to become a racing driver, but who has turned out to be the greatest discovery of recent years. He always drives with great skill and is much admired for his pertinacity and guts in difficult circumstances. He is the least temperamental of Grand Prix drivers today and, although only 27, is tipped as a future world champion. During the winter he works as a National Health dentist in a Manchester hospital, but has no intention of giving up his chosen vocation.

What is the future of Grand Prix racing? Many firms, like Mercedes-Benz and Maserati, have in recent years withdrawn from Grand Prix racing, largely due to the enormous cost and the dislocation caused to their factories. At the moment in this country our stake in Grand Prix racing is entirely in the hands of a few philanthropic millionaires; and, if for any reason they were unable to continue their sponsorship, Grand Prix racing would virtually cease. Some people feel that smaller cars with more affinity to everyday cars seen on the road should become the Grand Prix cars of the future. As has been seen this year, the little Cooper cars are showing themselves as good as the big ones. However, most racing fans would agree with the opinion voiced by Collins that, much as one admires the small cars, one feels Grand Prix racing from the paying spectator's point of view is primarily a spectacle; that the noise, smell and appearance of the cars are all important to draw the crowds without which the race circuits would never be maintained. For if the pukka Grand Prix cars ceased to participate the crowds would soon disappear.

EDWARD MONTAGU

The Arts and Entertainment

More About Cheltenham

AMONG the many new English works played at Cheltenham this year – and several, if an Irishism may be forgiven, were Welsh – the two best, by a long way, came from composers of Central European origin, though long since naturalised. One was the set of Piano Preludes and Fugues by Franz Reizenstein of which I wrote last week – and I welcome the chance to point out that a large choral work, *Genesis*, by this underestimated composer is down for performance at Hereford on 10 September. The other was Matyas Seiber's *Three Pieces for Cello and Orchestra*, in effect a small-scale cello concerto. This impassioned and closely knit composition has a marked Hungarian flavour, and reminds us how much of Bartok there is in Seiber: the Bartok of the mysterious 'nocturnal' musings, as well as the alert and powerful manipulator of rhythmic patterns. It is rather Berg, however, than Bartok who comes to mind as we assimilate the emotional content of this music, especially of its first and last movements. In each, there is heard a yearning motive, which (at its first appearance) answers downward-swooping thirds on the violins with similar rising thirds on the lower strings. No overt elegiac significance at first attaches to this theme; but when, after completing his first two movements, Seiber heard of the sudden death of an old comrade, the pianist and composer Erich Itor Kahn, this 'yearning' theme and two other seminal motives required but little transformation to become an eloquent threnody to friendship. Since the central Capriccio turns the same basic material to grotesque uses, it can be seen that all three movements are closely inter-related; but there is no sense of staleness or of limited invention in the music, which is notable for its exceptionally fine workmanship, transparent scoring and great rhythmic vitality. Amaryllis Fleming, Sir John Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra worked hard to realise the inner meaning of this intricate and brilliant score, yet left us with an uneasy sensation that there was more in the music than met the ear. Further rehearsal would doubtless have helped; so, it may be suggested, would the weight of a masculine bow in the solo part. Miss Fleming's tone, though pure, is small, and her attack was sometimes tentative; I could wish to hear this music played by a Starker or a Rostropovitch.

As it happened, all four of the Hallé novelties were concertos or quasi-concertos: in addition to Seiber's *Three Pieces* we had a Piano Concerto by Malcolm Williamson, one for harp by Alun Hoddinott and one for cor anglais by Ian Parrott. Williamson's work was surprising and somewhat disconcerting. Last year he gave us a piano sonata with a religious programme called *Janua Coeli*, which had some lush passages (he is an admirer of Messiaen), but was fairly severe in its general impact. This year, gaily shouting 'Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo', he has stormed the depths, so to speak, of the popular post-Rachmaninoff concerto style. Was his tongue in his cheek when he wrote that shamelessly cheap tune in the finale, and plugged it in a set of rising sequences? I fear not: his sincerity is attested

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by the unrewarded trouble he has taken to derive all his material, either serially or otherwise, from a brief melody heard at the outset. All the same, I doubt if he will care to be reminded of this garish concerto ten years hence. Clive Lythgoe did his best for the solo part.

Alun Hoddinott, who made his name at Cheltenham a few years ago with a lively Clarinet Concerto, offered something curiously improbable: a glum Harp Concerto. Determined, it seemed, to avoid the usual meretricious effects of glitter and easy charm, he has written for his orchestra and soloist almost wholly in alternation, giving the harpist (and therefore us) a dull time of it, and writing for him so many seconds as to make even the nimble Mr Osian Ellis sound as though his fingers were all thumbs – which indeed they are not. The last of the orchestral novelties, inserted at Sir John Barbirolli's particular request, was Ian Parrott's Cor Anglais Concerto, which at least served to demonstrate the excellence of the Hallé's soloist, Mr Roger Winfield. This is mild and well-behaved music, with a first movement that meanders amiably, a sleepy Adagio and a final Presto which contains some perky and rather amusing syncopations for the soloist.

During the week Sir John and the Hallé also gave us some capital performances, all the better for being less flamboyant than usual, of not too hackneyed standard works, notably of Debussy's *La Mer*. Before the orchestra's arrival, but just too late for mention in this column last week, we were offered the only vocal novelty of the Festival in Grace Williams's *Six Poems by Gerard Manley Hopkins* for contralto and string sextet, beautifully sung by Helen Watts to the accompaniment of the reinforced Allegri Quartet. The composer tackled her difficult task with evident sympathy and some ingenuity, and in one song, 'Spring and Fall', happily caught the lilt of a poem addressed to a young child; but her music lacks the physical exuberance needed for such exultant verses as 'Hurrahing in Harvest' and 'The Windhover'.

Though I have not seen all this year's Glyndebourne productions, I should imagine both from broadcasts and from reliable reports, that the season as a whole must be among the most successful since the war. The repertory has now been completed by the revival of *Ariadne auf Naxos*, with Wolf-Ferrari's *Il Segreto di Susanna* as curtain-raiser. Ariadne, always a pleasant experience at Glyndebourne, showed a slight decline from previous standards. For one thing, the management understandably failed to repeat last year's remarkable achievement of providing a new Composer (Elisabeth Söderstrom) fully equal to our memories of Sena Jurinac. This year's exponent, Helga Pilarczyk, is a reliable artist, but she lacks the vocal purity and the naive pathos which, in combination, can make the role so irresistible. The new Zerbinetta, Rita Streich, fell a little short of the high expectations aroused by her performance in the complete recording of the opera; she is an accomplished vocalist, but her tone (at any rate last Monday) inclined to flutter and lose clarity, while her *gemütlich* stage presence conveyed little Italianate verve or sparkle. On the other hand, Richard Lewis was in particularly good voice as Bacchus, and his final scene, to Lucine Amara's Ariadne, made a more rapturous impression than last year.

The Wolf-Ferrari intermezzo proved enchanting: no wonder it enjoyed such a vogue just before and after the First World War. The little situation is amusingly handled by the librettist; while the composer, conjuring finespun melody as though out of thin air, shows endless resource and a most fastidious ear in its embellishment. John Pritchard, who conducted both operas, should have taught his two singers to linger more caressingly on the repeated triplets in their first duet; but the rest of the performance went beautifully. Mary Costa made the prettiest and most melodious of furtive smokers; Michel Roux never overdid the young husband's jealous rages; and the part of the voiceless servant was mimed with amusing ingenuity by Heinz Blankenburg. The richly Edwardian interior of Carl Tom and the discreet production of Peter Ebert were exactly right. On no account must Glyndebourne drop this delectable morsel.

The New Opera Company has begun an enterprising two weeks' season at Sadler's Wells with a revival of Arthur Benjamin's *Tales of Two Cities*, and with an admirably staged Menotti-Stravinsky double bill, of which I hope to write next week.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

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NELSON

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Give Me a Good Play

I BELONG to the generation which thoroughly enjoys a good play. I make this damaging admission in the full awareness that it puts me out of court with all of those who take their theatre with a proper seriousness. And to make my position unequivocally clear let me add that I am using the phrase 'a good play' in the vulgarest sense, as Aunt Edna would use it. I do not go to the theatre to be educated or to be alienated. I am all for what Mr Lindsay Anderson calls 'sloppy identification', I am. Naturally there are distinctions to be made. There are bad 'good plays' as well as good ones and to indicate what I mean I should call Priestley's *Dangerous Corner* and the late Ronald McKenzie's *Musical Chairs* good ones.

Now, there has just opened at the Comedy a very good 'good play', *Five Finger Exercise*. It is an unpublicised first play by an unpublicised writer, Mr Peter Shaffer, and I confidently and warmly recommend it to everyone who shares my taste. It has distinct affinities with both of the plays I have mentioned, in theme to the Priestley, in atmosphere to the McKenzie. Neither the subject nor the milieu nor the characters are particularly original. It is (I almost blush to record it in these days) a family play, and that family is (now indeed I do blush) both English and middle-class. What distinguishes it is the treatment. Mr Shaffer can write, and can write well enough to bring new life to familiar situations. The English middle-class family is certainly a long fought over emotional battle-field. But the skirmishes are new to each set of participants, and what we require of a playwright is that he makes his new for us. Mr Shaffer does. The conflict in his conventional family may be conventional. But then such conflicts are. The point is that he has the ability to give them depth. Not depth of complexity but depth in time. From the very first we feel that this group of people has been really living together, scraping against each other, year after year. We come in at a chosen point in a continuous history. The past vibrates in the present, and it is this which makes for the kind of reality that really matters in a play about a family.

The action of the play is sparked off by the young German tutor whom a culture-snob mother has engaged for her daughter, to the disgust of her bone-headed businessman husband. In his view his wife has already done enough damage with her notions. Hasn't she turned their son into a neurotic who at Cambridge is mixing with the arty set instead of people who might be some use to him? And now this tutor. Mother, son and daughter all seem to have fallen for him in their different ways. And it is the jangling and jarring of their relationships set off by their reactions to him that make the action.

What makes the play is the combination of good writing and absolutely first-class acting. I do not know with which of the actors to start – all are so good. Miss Adrianne Allen is the mother whose particular vulgarity is to claim culture as her province without understanding it. She uses it as a weapon against her husband and persuades herself that because of it she alone can understand the son whom she doesn't understand at all. In a beautifully judged performance Miss Allen first gains our sympathy by making the points against her character: then from that strong position she is able to carry us into the heart of her problem and reveal herself as nakedly hateful. Mr Brian Bedford manages to by-pass all the conventional goings-on of the usual 'sensitive young man'. He is neither weak nor willowy. He finds himself being used as a pawn in the emotional game between his father and mother and is fighting manfully enough to escape.

The subtlest part is that of the German tutor who at last has found a family which he thinks he can be one of, desperately needing, as he does, the sense of belonging. But his attempts to explain the children to the parents and the parents to the children only end in losing him both sets. Mr Michael Bryant (whom you may remember as the Harvard Law student in *The Iceman Cometh*)

brings a quite remarkable subtlety to the acting of this part. Absolutely unpretentious, wholly unobvious, his is as complete a rendering of a character as I remember seeing for a long time. Miss Juliet Mills has the part of a perky and precocious young girl too young to realise quite what is going on. It is the most obvious of the parts, but Miss Mills does it very nicely. Least enviable of the actors is Mr Roland Culver as the husband. The author has given less sympathy and care to this part than to the others; and Mr Culver has, in order to preserve the balance of the play, to supply the deficiencies himself. He does it with a sureness and skill which cover up completely. Sir John Gielgud, who well understands this kind of play where atmosphere is the most important thing, holds the whole together firmly and finely.

What a contrast to all this is the arrival of the much heralded, much trumpeted *The Hamlet of Stepney Green* at the Lyric, Hammersmith. It is tempting, but unfair, to use the one as a stick to beat the other with. *Five Finger Exercise* is a success in its own kind: this is a failure in quite another kind. *The Hamlet of Stepney Green* is, very self-consciously, an art play. And it is, to be brutal, a very bad one. Both plays deal with the conflict between parents and children, and here Mr Shaffer wins hands down. He has a scene between father and son, when the son protests his right to be himself, that would be fine in any company; it is beautifully composed. The author of *The Hamlet of Stepney Green*, Mr Bernard Kops, has one grave disadvantage as a writer of plays – he cannot, as yet, write. He has little to say and says it very badly over a very long time. His use of words is repetitious, flat, banal and ineffective (except for a slight line of Jewish humour). That this is not counted a disadvantage in some quarters is shown by the fact that this play has won an Arts Council Bursary: that on the strength of it he has been appointed resident dramatist at the Bristol Old Vic: and that it has – a programme note tells us – been accepted for production in Germany, Holland and America. I am not only astounded, I am amazed. It strikes me as a piece of ill-written, half-baked, sentimental whimsy with a couple of good ideas hidden in a mass of adolescent mush. But I hope for Bristol's sake, and the Arts Council's sake and above all for the author's sake that I am quite wrong. And I shall be delighted to say so, if I prove to be.

Irma-la-Douce, at the Lyric, is Mr Peter Brook's production of the French musical that has been running in Paris for two years. Its heroine is a prostitute, its milieu the world of ponces and pimps, its mode is the *faux naif*. You have to be either very simple or very sophisticated to enjoy it. If you are very sophisticated you laugh like a drain at the falseness of the naivety. If you are very simple, you laugh like a different sort of drain at the idea of a tart carrying on her trade with her lover disguised in a beard and frock-coat. If you fall between the two extremes, you yawn your head off, as I did.

Expertly put on by Mr Brook, charmingly decorated by Rolf Gerard. Pleasing Paris bar music with the accordion in the ascendant. Sparkling Miss Elizabeth Seal as the trollop and – in the very latest manner – a Shakespearean actor Keith Michell as the hero. It is charmingly done, if you find it worth doing. For my musical money I prefer Miss Dora Bryan in Arthur Macrae's revue *Living for Pleasure* at the Garrick. If some of Mr Macrae's numbers are too dim, the best are hilarious, and Miss Bryan has a real touch of comic genius.

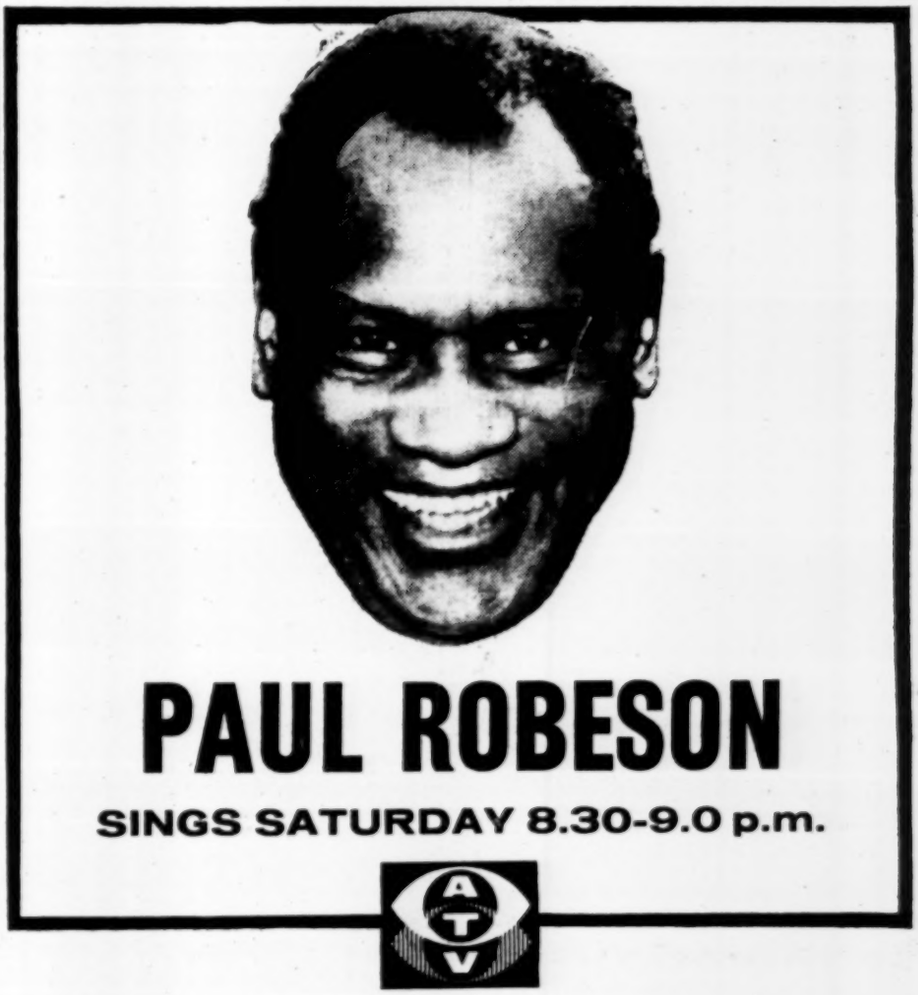
T. C. WORSLEY

Art from Japan

THE Japanese Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert is displayed in two sets of rooms, sculpture at one end of the museum and paintings at the other – not an ideal way to show a small collection of choice pieces. But the organisers have done the best with their accommodation and arranged the objects with taste. The sculpture rooms, despite well designed partitions, look bare, for the reason that most of the pieces are small. Such large Buddhist statues as the masterpieces in wood of the Asuka period (A.D. 538-671), the century and a half after the conversion of the semi-civilised Japanese to Buddhism, could not risk being transported, and their spirituality is poorly reflected in the Tathagata (No. 74), 17 inches high, and the Bodhisattva (No. 75), 8 inches high, of the same period. Had it been possible to show the most famous of these Asuka sculptures, the seated Maitreya, kept in Nara, what a tremendous impression it would have made! The peace, the certainty of salvation, which the sixth-century Japanese suddenly found in Buddhism, miraculously animate its countenance. The pieces now on view, exquisite in their way, are more suited to the private cabinet.

The Japanese showed their artistry at a very early date. The prehistoric clay and terracotta figures, dating in some cases as far back as the 2nd millennium B.C., are complete novelties for us here, and our own art of today enables us readily to appreciate them. They have a disturbing vitality. The most curious of them, I thought, was the unbaked clay figurine (No. 68) of the 1st millennium B.C. with great eyes which have absorbed the whole face. The Japanese had not yet emerged into the distinct race we now know when it was made, but this figure resembles the squat, ferocious Japanese soldier of World War II campaigns.

While the Buddhist sculpture of further Asia was inspired by India, the fecund mother of many styles, Indian influences were less fundamental in painting, because the most important element in Chinese painting was the calligraphic line, a creation of Chinese genius. Inasmuch as Japanese painting is also calligraphic, it resembles Chinese. Nevertheless, it is a distinct and national art. In the painting section, the Buddhist pictures, having an Indian content and the calligraphic style of China, are least characteristic. But where the subject depicted is Japanese (a home landscape, a procession, an historical incident, etc.), the differences between Japanese and Chinese become much clearer. The greatest masterpieces of Chinese painting give expression to a mystical union with nature. The more classical Japanese school aims at this also, but there is a great deal of excellent painting which is a straightforward rendering of things seen or imagined. The long scrolls illustrating stories and the caricatures of men and animals – a blend of burlesque and comic – are of this nature. Japanese portraiture, too, has a strong national flavour. Six portraits are shown, ranging from the twelfth to the nineteenth century. The portrait (No. 39) of Fujiwara Mitsuyoshi gives us an idea of what



the court nobles in *The Tale of Genji* (eleventh century) were like to look at.

The exhibition is more a connoisseur's than a popular one. To appreciate it fully requires some acquaintance with Far Eastern art – and also more than one visit.

MAURICE COLLIS

Ballet Black Magic

PLACE: Wild West. Date: The Eighteen-Eighties. Plot: A lustful preacher makes advances to a nice girl, who runs off to the Rocky Mountains, where she encounters a witch giving birth to a full-grown witch boy. Love is established between the young things, who then return to the village. Here, incited by the preacher, rough men lynch the witch boy, while the girl dies of nineteenth-century shock. The witch totters in and gives birth to another identical witch boy. Moral (particularly apposite to ballet): you can't get rid of witch boys, however hard you try to stamp them out.

As performed by the London Festival Ballet Company at the Festival Hall, *The Witch Boy* is much better than would appear from its ridiculous plot. Jack Carter's choreography is a suitable mixture of voodoo fantasy and homely barn dancing. It has a vitality that keeps the story going, that holds our interest even to the absurd finale. The music by Leonard Salzedo is excellent: there is a sense of imminent thunder and loneliness in the mountains, while during the village scenes a guitar accompaniment gives romantic tone to the booted men and flouncing women.

John Gilpin is the witch boy, and he acts as never before. He is a dancer difficult to cast in any sort of character part, in spite of – or rather, because of – his exquisite balletic technique. He has so concentrated on perfection of style alone, on an absolutely accurate kind of movement, that, till now, he has limited his range and left his emotional powers of expression undeveloped. But in this new ballet the old maidish obsession with neatness is alleviated by the violence of the choreography. His contortions seem to convey an anxiety about his own occult powers, such as all lower-class gods must feel, and an underlying devilish agony that is quite convincing. Anita Landa, as the girl, dances with clean, rhythmic movements that satisfy in a somewhat abstract manner. She appears to be such a self-controlled miss, so trained to cover her feeling with a thick layer of niceness, that the ability to evoke an impetuous passion has gone.

The company dances as always with energy, but the girls are a little heavy in the hand. It is time that Markova was by some means or other inveigled into teaching English dancers the secret of her unearthly ability to appear lighter than air.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Custard-Pie Lane

PRESS-SHOWN last week, *The Golden Age of Comedy* tries in an hour to revive the early American comics. It has at least golden moments. A landscape on rollers flashes by while the dare-devil rider jogs up and down on a rocking horse. A lion strolls into the producer's room. Cops suddenly run out of a doorway into the street and all trip over. Cars zigzag over a field in pursuit of a fugitive, like some futurist vision of tank battles. Custard pies arrive in a van, and are first lifted and placed, with tender care, on some visage that seems to invite them; then tit-for-tat becomes angrier scrimmage, and in the end the whole street is fighting a pitched battle which in its hand-to-hand encounters suggests something between Agincourt and Bartholomew Fair. Golden age of silence, of black and white, of caricature; people in cinemas have never laughed so much since, and the cartoon makes a poor substitute. Among the masters here represented are Laurel and Hardy, who managed to continue this tradition into speech; a certain ruthless courtliness is seen at its best in two episodes, one involving a gentle approach followed by instant debagging – a form of attack, which, like the pie-throwing, soon involves the whole neighbourhood. Then, going back, we find Harry Langdon, that tinsel-eyed poppet of extraordinary *méchanceté*, and still the least rediscovered of clowns. The others, from earlier days, are more bright boys of a gang – Ben Turpin, Will Rogers. The trouble with *The Golden Age of Comedy* is that its method of presentation is facetious and pedantic; and, of course, it lacks the two greatest, Chaplin and Keaton. When will someone, both loving and capable, take in hand the salvaging of material that will otherwise be lost forever or buried in film libraries? By the way, this film is to be found at the Cameo-Royal.

French comedy of a well-established kind brings back the 'quietest town in France' where a fat policeman has been trying for twenty years to catch the artful poacher who provides game in and out of season for the best tables. It isn't perhaps quite funny enough, and its hero (Louis de Funes) has the kind of Punch looks and actions that tell more in a smaller part (such as the clucking police inspector in *Femmes de Paris*). Still, intermittently we laugh, the story has its gay excesses in a grand fishing match, a feather-bed prison and a speeded-up drinking scene, it is all very cosy, and we like Louis de Funes while wishing we could like him even more. *Vive, Monsieur Blaireau* is at the Cameo-Poly.

No certificate has as yet been granted to *Torero* for showing in this country. But it would be a pity if we allowed our sentiments to deprive us of a documentary film that gives far more insight into bull-fighting and the bull-fighter's *mystique* than all other bull-fighting films rolled into one. Carlos Velo's *Torero* (shown at South Bank) is made up of news-reel material round the greatest fight of the Mexican Luis Procuna: he looks out of the window in the morning to see if it's fair weather, eats nothing amid his family breakfasting, dresses, is driven to the bullring, holds court, prays, takes his place in the procession round the arena – something between duellist, ballet dancer, and high priest. See the superb strut, containing its own self-parody, away from a degraded bull. I have never been touched myself by the *mystique* of this arrogant blood-sport, and *Torero* is realistic only within the limits of that *mystique*. It demonstrates fiercely the skill, the pride, the fears that go to these deadly encounters; we feel how a popular idol is 'driven on to the horns' by furious admirers. *Torero* spares us most of the butchery, none of the executant pangs, and not only could but should be allowed its English audience.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

THE MIDDLE EAST CRISIS

SIR,—As an Englishman studying in the United States I would like to add my voice to what I am certain must be a growing chorus of opposition to the disastrous actions of the American and British governments in the Middle East. Opposition in this country is small and inarticulate, and this, I think, may token as great a danger to the democratic ideal as the disastrous foreign policies of the western nations. One cannot but be appalled at the action of the Democratic Speaker of the House of Representatives in silencing protest on the day of the marine landings in Lebanon with the words, 'In times like these we had better allow matters to develop rather than make remarks about them'. The attitude of Senator Mansfield—also a Democrat—is equally disturbing, for he is reported to have questioned the wisdom of the landings but declared that as the president had made the decision he would support it. In general, protest has been confined to small groups of intellectuals who can do little.

The unreasoning acceptance of the wisdom of the administration's decision stems not only from the conviction that it can do little wrong in foreign policy, but also from an unquestioning ignorance of the situation in the Middle East. This ignorance is largely the result of propaganda as subtle and effective in its silence as that of the Communist world is by its voice. Even now most Americans have no comprehension why the revolt broke out in Iraq, and still think it a *coup d'état* on the part of a small group of desperate assassins with no backing in the country at large. They would be aghast at the idea that the regimes backed by the western powers might be unpopular. They have come to regard 'Arab nationalism' and 'Communism' as synonymous, for the two terms are used interchangeably in the popular press. Many Arab students in this country regard the misinformation as deliberately sponsored by Zionist pressure groups. Much more important, however, is the blind desire to preserve the status quo in world affairs—a desire similar to that pursued by Metternich but prosecuted with a good deal less intelligence and far less cause. That such a policy can go generally unquestioned is due largely to the naivety which ignorance fosters.

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Such ignorance and apathy which have been highlighted in the United States by the present crisis cannot but be detrimental to the future of the democratic process and to world peace.

V. R. BELCHER

University of Washington, Seattle

SIR,—There have been many reports in the press concerning the Iraqi Republic with special reference to the military side of it. Other reports completely ignored the specific declarations made by the Iraqi Republic concerning international obligations, oil and the nature of the revolution. Therefore, Sir, may I outline the composition and policies of the new government? Out of 14 members of the Cabinet only three are officers—the Prime Minister, the Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Social Affairs. The government declared in the most emphatic manner its respect for all international obligations, its full intention to maintain the flow of oil and guard its installations and personnel, and to extend the hand of friendship to all nations and especially Britain. Further, I would like to emphasise the fact that the Iraqi Republic has formally withdrawn from the Arab Union and has already registered that at the UN through its Embassy in Washington. This should leave no legal excuse for Hussein to claim anything in Iraq.

Whilst we think that the British government has no reason to doubt the Iraqi Republic's desire for friendship with Britain, it is our conviction that the British press must play its part in enlightening public opinion so as to help establish true friendship, understanding and mutual benefit—a new kind of relations based on equality and mutual interests. For we are sure if public opinion in Britain is fully and fairly informed about the policies of the Iraqi Republic, then it will help to further the cause of world peace and avoid catastrophe in the Middle East.

A. K. BAYATTI
President

Iraqi Students Society
37 King Street, WC2

SOUTH AFRICAN TREASON TRIAL

SIR,—The introduction of the Special Criminal Courts Amendment Bill by C. R. Swart, Nationalist Minister of Justice, once more demonstrates the utter contempt the Strijdom government has for the elementary principles of law and justice as understood in civilised countries.

On 5 December 1956, 140 men and women of all races and from all parts of South Africa were dragged out of their homes early at dawn and charged with High Treason, a capital offence under South African law. Sixteen more were arrested later. After a preparatory examination lasting over a year, 64 were discharged and the balance who were committed for trial elected to be tried by a judge and two assessors; this they were entitled to do under the law as it stands. Apparently Mr Swart has no confidence in the Judge President of the Transvaal Provincial Division of the Supreme Court who arranges the rotation of judges, and in some of the judges, and *himself* selected Judges Rumpf, Ludorf and Kennedy—all three recently appointed to the bench—to constitute a Special Criminal Court before whom the 92 are to be tried. Realising that his action is not in accordance with the law, he is rushing through a bill in the Union parliament arrogating to himself the power to constitute Special Criminal Courts with judges selected by him, whenever he thinks fit, and made the measure retrospective in order to validate his own irregular action. In effect it means that henceforth Mr Swart will decide what judges can be trusted to carry out his wishes.

From the very beginning, it became abundantly clear that the staging of the Treason Trial is a clumsy attempt to ape Goering's Reichstag Fire Trial. During the five years preceding the mass arrests Mr Swart has been ranting about 'subversive plots' and threatening mass arrests. When he finally decided to give effect to his repeated threats, there was no need to arrest people at dawn, as they could have been brought to court by summons. Again, why was it necessary to hold 64 innocent people on a capital charge for over a year, when there was obviously no evidence against them? Practically all the victims, being away from their work for such a long time, became financially ruined.

During the lengthy preparatory examination over 10,000 documents were produced by the prosecutor who also called numerous witnesses. Apparently this mass of evidence was of a dubious character; and so early this year Mr Swart rushed a law through parliament amending the Criminal Procedure Act. Formerly the authenticity of documents and their connection with the accused had to be proved by evidence. Under the new law, once the police produce a document against a person, the court must accept it as *prima facie* evidence and the onus is placed upon the accused to prove, either that the document is a forgery or that he was in no way connected with it—often an impossible task.

Not content with denying the victims elementary justice, Mr Swart decided to inflict upon them further hardships, and transferred the venue of the trial from Johannesburg to Pretoria. The accused either live permanently in or near Johannesburg, or have found homes and work there during the lengthy proceedings. The large number of lawyers who are appearing for the defence also live in Johannesburg. The trial, which is due to start on 1 August, will last many months and the accused and their lawyers will have to spend four hours daily travelling to and from court. This will mean thousands of pounds in extra expense, little or no time for proper consultation and little time for counsel to devote to the voluminous evidence and legal matters. Still worse, the victims will be too tired out to follow the proceedings properly.

The British public have responded with wonderful generosity to the appeal issued by Canon L. John Collins of Christian Action, the British Labour Party and other bodies, for financial assistance for the arrested and their destitute dependents. Further generous donations will not only help to provide legal defence, but will also serve as a protest against the denial of elementary justice. The address of Christian Action is 2 Amen Court, EC4.

E. S. SACHS

South African Freedom Association
51 Deansway, N2

THE 'ISIS' TRIAL

SIR,—When security is being used to deceive not the enemy but the electorate, the citizen has a plain duty to blow the gaff—whatever the law may say, and whatever pledges have been extracted from him in advance of the event. That duty the two contributors to the *Isis* have discharged, and we ought to be grateful to them. They have shown that in a democracy a government which grossly abuses the confidence of the public cannot count on the silence of individuals. If that principle had been exemplified more often we might not have had Auschwitz—or Hiroshima.

ALEX COMFORT

Loughton
Essex

THE BISHOPS AND THE BOMB

SIR,—If it is true that God intends the destruction of man by nuclear warfare (and it becomes increas-

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ingly possible that such an end would be fully deserved by *homo sapiens*) it still appears from Christ's words 'Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!' (St Matthew's Gospel, Chapter XVIII, verse 7) that man is not exonerated for his participation.

Could not Herod's massacre of the innocents have been excused by a rabbi of the day as possibly the will of God? Would the Archbishop of Canterbury have condoned the crucifixion of Christ on the same grounds? Perhaps Pilate expressed Dr Fisher's argument in his ritual washing of hands.

GWENDOLEN BARTER

Sea House
Broadstairs

THE NUCLEAR CAMPAIGN

SIR,—I wish to contribute to your correspondence on the Nuclear Campaign on a question of fact alone. Mr A. J. P. Taylor has now twice suggested, in different words, that there is nothing in my recent pamphlet to show that I care about the danger of annihilation for the rest of the world as well as for the British people.

I will quote only the concluding sentences of the pamphlet, which endeavour to sum up its whole argument. I wrote: 'Once again nothing can remove the nightmare which hangs not only over Britain but over the whole world except general all-round disarmament on the part of all the major nations. There are no short cuts by means of which Britain can save herself alone. But she can and must take the lead in world disarmament. In order to save herself, she has to save the world also'.

Such is the standard of accuracy which we must expect from a professional historian turned public entertainer.

JOHN STRACHEY

House of Commons

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SUKARNO'S APPEAL

SIR,—President Sukarno of Indonesia, in your issue of 28 June, writing as 'a man, a father, an Asian and a human being', condemns the philosophical, moral, political and social bankruptcy of western civilisation in the era of the Hydrogen bomb. He protests that the people of the under-developed countries, striving against tremendous odds to raise their living standards, may themselves be destroyed if the uneasy peace in the west degenerates into the holocaust of war. The Education Committee of the London Co-operative Society welcome President Sukarno's letter and feel shame and disgust that our country is a principal culprit in the evil race towards nuclear suicide.

Three years ago they sponsored the first large-scale conference to be held in London against nuclear weapons. Since that time the production of weapons in this and other countries has been greatly increased and it is generally agreed that there are now enough of them to destroy us all. The campaigns for the abolition of the weapons, while growing in strength in recent months, are at the present time pitifully inadequate.

In the modern state the opinions of individuals are most effectively expressed through the leadership of the great political, religious and social institutions. Upon them falls the responsibility of preparing and pursuing policies to meet society's needs. With a few praiseworthy exceptions they have, so far, displayed an utterly unforgivable irresponsibility. May the time, long overdue, soon come when heads of the most powerful states in the world will raise the voice of reason with the sobriety, clarity and fundamental honesty of President Sukarno and may he take courage from the knowledge that, in the west, there is an increasing number of organisations and individuals who will be unceasing in their efforts until the Hydrogen bomb is of the past and nuclear power a controlled servant of man's struggle for a more fruitful life.

F. R. LACEY
Education Secretary
London Co-operative Society Limited
13 Soho Square
W1

INDEXING OPERA

SIR,—In his review of Harold Rosenthal's *Two Centuries of Opera at Covent Garden*, Mr Shawe-Taylor criticises the author for his 'slight but recurrent anti-aristocratic bias'. This is illustrated, he maintains, in Mr Rosenthal's censure of Melba's outcry against people in the stalls wearing shabby tweed coats.

This glosses over the main argument. Mr Rosenthal's point is that 'Melba's attitude [in 1919] was similar to that held by a few people in the 1950s, who look on opera as the peculiar preserve of the rich, and of society; and are jealous of the "new" opera audiences who are sharing and enjoying what was once their own exclusive pleasure'.

Indeed, I find an explanation here of a startling and, as far as I am aware, a completely unknown fact, disclosed elsewhere in Mr Rosenthal's chronicle and demanding, in our nationalised opera, prompt action. It is that over the last hundred years the seating capacity of Covent Garden has increased in all parts of the house except the amphitheatre and the gallery, where it has substantially decreased.

EDWARD LOCKSPEISER

32 Rodney Court
W9

DOG BITES BITCH

SIR,—Mr Francis Williams observes, rightly, that when a newspaper claims to be acting in the public interest it is sometimes guilty of hypocrisy. But it is worth noting that the words with which the *Mirror* justified its reporting of the Huggins affair were not 'It is in the public interest', but 'It is of public interest' which is not the same thing at all. Whether resemblance between these two phrases was calculated to baffle the reader, or whether the *Mirror* had simply baffled itself, is difficult to say; on the other hand, it is fairly certain that the writer could not have substituted the words 'It satisfies public curiosity' (which mean precisely the same) without offending some of his customers. Interest, after all, is a thoroughly respectable disposition of mind, while curiosity (unless it is purely intellectual) is well known to be either idle or morbid, and therefore depraved.

The question is in what circumstances the public interest is served by the satisfaction of public curiosity. Where the line is drawn depends on the good taste and good sense of the editors, since a public can usually be found for any item of news, however trivial or indiscreet. As to what is trivial, opinions naturally vary, but it does not need a very refined taste to detect that most people's domestic arrangements are entirely their own concern. If Debenham were to quarrel with Freebody (or, indeed, Marks with Spencer) nobody would object to reading about it, because the existence of these partnerships is an ingredient in the contemporary scene. If Mrs X, a famous singer, quarrels with Mr X, her accompanist, the same considerations no doubt apply. But what the matrimonial affairs of an ex-Governor of Jamaica have to do with anyone but himself and his wife and their immediate acquaintance, only the *Mirror* and Lady Huggins know.

R. A. HENDRIE

27 Erskine Hill
NW11

RETIREMENT PENSION

SIR,—'Disillusioned's' letter with its mis-statements and suppression of facts so riles me that I must reply. First of all a pension is regarded as earned income for tax purposes, accordingly, 2/9ths of £180=£40 is free of tax, leaving only £140 liable to tax. On this sum, he says that he will have to pay £60 tax, that is at 8s. 7d. in the £. For a married man, over 65, to pay tax at even 8s. 6d. in the £ he must be in receipt of additional income of at least £700 a year.

Secondly, why should he consider he is entitled to a right to a state pension? Twelve years ago it would not even have occurred to him. I have been contributing to National Insurance for 32 years, and, as a single woman, will have to continue to do so for another 11 years before I can hope for a pension. Yet 'Disillusioned' after only ten years gets one. My pension then will be much less than a married man's though as a self-employed person I pay a higher contribution than an employed man.

M. SIMMONDS

15 Horbury Crescent
W11

PLUCKY JIMS NEW BRUTALISM

SIR,—Your architectural correspondent is correct in assuming that we do not consider ourselves 'new brutalist' in regard to the design of the flats at Ham Common. ('New brutalist' is a journalistic tag applied to some designers of architectural credit, in a morale-boosting attempt to sanctify a movement as 'Britain's contribution' and to cover up for the poor showing of our post-war architecture.) Furthermore, we think he overstresses the style comparison with the Span developments by Eric Lyons, who has pioneered progressive design so tenaciously in middle-income speculative housing.

It is a pity the opportunity was not taken to examine and elaborate the differences between our Ham flats and the various schemes by Eric Lyons, in comparison with the general scene, the dull, endless and ugly housing estates of the New Towns, most local authorities and the majority of private builders.

JAMES STIRLING and JAMES GOWAN
Architects

London, NW1

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Salute to a Friendless Girl

I think the fuss a lot of you made about the James parody in *Boon* was a little unjust. The old man was a little treacherous to me in a very natural sort of way and the James cult has been overdone. Anyhow, nothing I had ever written or said or anyone has ever written or said about James can balance the extraordinary dirtiness of [Percy] Lubbock and his friends in boycotting Rebecca West's book on him in *The Times Literary Supplement*. My blood still boils at the thought of those pretentious academic greasers conspiring to down a friendless girl (who can write any of them out of sight) in the name of loyalty to literature.

In this manner Wells, the gleeful cad who realised he had gone too far, attempted to defend his atrocious conduct to Henry James in a letter to Hugh Walpole, in 1916. The passage tickled me greatly when I came across it the other day for, at any stage in her writing career, it would be difficult to imagine anybody less like a friendless girl than the daunting creator of the Tosh Horse. Rebecca West is not only one of the cleverest women in the kingdom, she is also perhaps the most formidable literary riposter of our time. Her intellect is masculine and capacious, subtle rather than sensitive. She is the least feminine writer of her sex. Her style is sinewy, persuasive and resourceful, that of a Ulysses who has relinquished his command in the field to assume the duties of Advocate-General. The fierce need to clear her mind of cant has given a touch of ruthlessness to too much of her later writings and in recent years many of her staunchest admirers have found her hard and cutting edge a shade dismaying. Her nose for crime – and particularly for treason – exercised with such evident relish at a period that all liberal-minded men and women now wish to forget, left an unpleasant taste in the mouth and led many people to discount or overlook the tart and original gifts remarked upon by Shaw to Mrs Pat some forty years ago. ('Rebecca can handle a pen as brilliantly as ever I could, and much more savagely. . . .')

'When I was a girl,' she told Beverley Nichols in the Twenties, 'we all used to talk at once, very loudly and without any thought for each others' feelings. As a result, I'm probably more honest than most women, and I've never had any particular diffidence in giving an opinion, provided that people wish to have it.' Her new book – an expansion of three lectures delivered at Yale on the 'Interaction of Political and Religious Ideas in Imaginative Literature' – is a dazzling and provocative succession of opinions forcefully argued and admirably illustrated*. It is the most stimulating piece of general literary criticism that I have read for a very long time. Miss West combines the readability of a first-class journalist with the professional insights of a creative writer and the high seriousness of what she herself calls the 'true' reader – one, that is, who reads with a sustained passion and excitement not only at school and university but for the whole of his or her adult life. She has written a searching, sonorous and witty comment on the problems of sin and grace as they present themselves, first in Shakespeare and the poetic drama, secondly in the novel. Whether concurring or in violent disagreement – for the two sensations, often experienced on the same page, in the same paragraph even, persist to the end – her book (with the exception of a brief but rather tiresome digression on Rousseau) is compelling and highly enjoyable.

Literary to her finger-tips, Miss West begins true to form by remarking that, despite the temples and flute-players of Sumeria, literature is the oldest of the arts. Having run up the colours, she plunges headlong into a discussion of *Hamlet*, giving us a vigorous re-reading of the play on the lines of Senor de Madariaga's study. Polonius, beneath his *Times* leader platitudes, is a court pander, Gertrude a 'stately defective', Ophelia no virgin (Sir John Millais is much to blame here). As for the moody Dane himself, he is anything but the noble irresolute portrayed by Hazlitt and Coleridge, the 'lovely, pure and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero', that so endeared itself to Goethe. On the contrary, Hamlet is a Borgia, a thoroughly bad man – 'cruel as well as sensitive, impetuous as well as thoughtful . . . as coarse as any bar-room drunk' – whose irresolution is caused by his living only for himself.

Beyond his own ego, Hamlet's only allegiance is political: 'to preserve the state he would have engaged in any necessary work'. This opens up an all too brief discussion of Shakespeare's view of kingship and the role of the usurper. It is, I think, the weakest part of Miss West's book. By sticking to the obvious and hackneyed thesis that political man abhors a vacuum, that power is a necessary evil and that 'the usurper fulfilled a purpose, since the legitimate king so often could not rule, yet in that fulfilling seemed to prove that there was no benign purpose in the universe' she seems to lose sight of Shakespeare's essential purpose. Mr Derek Traversi, in his very thoughtful and convincing new study of the historical plays†, shows how, in the cycle of *Richard II* to *Henry V*, Shakespeare unfolds a dialectical process of kingship, the thesis of Richard's hereditary and unchallenged title yielding to the antithesis of Bolingbroke's rebellion and tenure of the Crown as an 'effective political Prince' and both achieving their synthesis, at a lower and more conscious political level, in *Henry V*. Mr Traversi has important things to say on many other aspects of the cycle (particularly on Falstaff, his role as a social chorus to the political action and the change that he undergoes between Parts I and II of *Henry IV*), and his book deserves to be read for itself alone. But it should certainly be read as a corrective to Miss West's over-brisk treatment.

Elsewhere she is admirable, atoning for her false judgment on *Richard II* (that it is 'unconvincing in its speed') by her description of 'that mean moderation, at once large and picayune, which Shakespeare regarded as the royal mode'. She pokes fun at Prospero, the ethereal Lord Milner of the Bermoothes.

> In fact, Prospero had 'colonised' (to use the word in its pejorative sense) the island. His treatment of the indigenous population, even though it numbered only one, would be hard to justify, according to the theory of natural law, for one whose grievance against fate lay in the infringement of a title recognised by that theory. His excuse for introducing the colour bar and peonage is not congruous with his special wisdom. . . .

Above all, one is grateful to Miss West for scouting the suggestion – and in view of the pressure from some critical quarters, it cannot be scouted too often – that Shakespeare was in any sense a religious writer:

> . . . If he called on God, his cry was private. But his work is like the mould used for taking copies of sculpture, a form surrounding an empty space, which is enclosed by the negative impression of the object. He describes a world which is hollow, and its hollowness is the negative impression of God. This is man without grace; so can we understand what grace must be.

From Shakespeare she turns to discuss the inferiority of the novel to poetic drama as an instrument for the realisation of 'essential character'. (One reader at least is in deep, though respectful disagreement here. Natasha and Prince Andrei, Shatov, Père Goriot, George Eliot's Gwendolen, are all surely as 'essentially' realised as Othello?) From here we take a leap to Fielding and the novelists. This forms by far the largest and most interesting portion of Miss West's book. She stretches her own and her reader's mind, ramming home idea after idea until the rich stuffing of her digressions almost kills the flavour of the bird itself. Though sin and grace can be seen flickering here and there along the route, we tend to lose sight of them in the multitude of Miss West's other speculations. In one of her shorter novels she writes of a girl named Josie, sitting on a verandah and snipping roses, that 'she liked altering the look of things with her hands'. Miss West herself is a great one for altering the look of things with her mind. (One is reminded of the fantastic influence she ascribed to the north and south of the Thames on the actions of William Joyce). Her theories – amply buttressed by facts and instances ingeniously arranged – bowl us along in their wake. Her very omniscience tends to act as a challenge to the reader, who becomes absurdly and contrarily cock-a-hoop over the smallest error or miscalculation – *e.g.*, when Miss West misdates Trollope's death by ten years or appears to confuse the Lammleses with the Veneerings.

She begins with an expert analysis of *Amelia*, arguing that as Shakespeare's Elsinore is a Court without Grace, the world of Billy Booth is one of Good Nature (as distinguished from Good Humour) which is the eighteenth-century equation of Grace and a sign that Fielding takes the opposite side in the argument. Yet,

> neither settled the argument, and it is con-

* *The Court and the Castle*. By REBECCA WEST. *Macmillan*. 25s.

† *Shakespeare: From Richard II to Henry V*. By DEREK TRAVERSI. *Hollis & Carter*. 30s.

tinuing today. Graham Greene is even now pursuing Pelagianism round the landscape with an axe, and might very well write a modern version of *Amelia*, with Billy Booth and his brother officers and Miss Matthews translated into civil servants; Amelia would be represented as the really bad person in the book, because by her beautiful cultivation of the natural affections she was disguising the advanced putridity of life, while Jonathan Wild would be borrowed from his volume to play the part of the sort of human being who does not do that disservice to God, who would certainly not be represented as the best-natured Being in the universe.

Wuthering Heights is brought in to support Fielding, Jane Austen, Scott and Dickens are found to be involved in a common belief that 'the human will was most capable of order when it was exercised in a group'. She is strangely unsatisfactory on Jane Austen, impressive but unconvincing about Scott, since she appears to be unaware of the strained nature of his loyalties – the clash between his Jacobite daydreams and humdrum Hanoverian conservatism that Mr Edwin Muir pointed out long ago. On the other hand, she is admirable on Trollope (she discounts his much over-rated gifts as a political novelist, calling in the late Leo Amery as expert witness) and she is really excellent on Thackeray. Of Becky she writes that

> . . . it is difficult not to hate him [Thackeray] for the way he treats her. From the beginning he nags and scolds her because she is a poor woman of no family who has forced a gate into the enclosure reserved for the fortunate. It is not what she does there that he really resents, it is the fact of her presence which he finds intolerable.
>
> . . . He genuinely hated these things [snobbery], because he recognised the soundness of the tradition which made the artist's first loyalty go to the individual. Nevertheless, his own first loyalty went to society, and the proof of that lies in his virtuous characters, who, unlike Jane Austen's favoured children, had no reserves. . .

Her schematic mind races on to cover Meredith and Hardy, James and Stevenson (she has some very interesting points to make on the latter). She contrasts the different theories of secular grace held by Kipling and Conrad – the one based on salvation through obedience to some high authority (the British Army or the ICS), the other through an effort of personal will. She concludes with three long, discursive chapters – perhaps the most percipient of all – on Proust and Kafka, examining Proust's metaphysic of time with a severe but arguable detachment and separating the wheat in Kafka from the chaff with great effect. This book is to be recommended. It is a high-stepping work of general literature, written for the 'true' and common reader – a rare thing these days. Miss West has put us uncommonly in her debt.

JOHN RAYMOND

Period Piece

It creaked all night with cautious steps,
  The house, my mind, the world without,
Where all stood still the years I slept
  Dreamless, in triple doubt of doubt,

Waiting to wake. Awake to wait
  Set to listen though not warned why,
Tiptoeing on in the Blind Man's maze . . .
  What breathed as I tiptoed by?

Whirl! Whatever it was was scared!
  Whirl'd as I in the self-same spin!
Or hearkens my heart-thumps where I stare,
  Quivers within my bristling skin,

Where I – house, world, all, in hand –
  Trigger'd to wipe out Now and Here,
Listening-post to my own command,
  Stand by, cramped in the fear of fear.

I. A. RICHARDS

Night

After the sun, the dark comes striding on,
Tall as Macbeth, with half the world to claim.
The city windows darken, one by one.
Our hands and feet seem far away, but near,
Born in the close womb of the unlit air,
Something like the devil is telling in our ear:
How the hand we must drop by lies a room away,
How bombs should fall on some that we may live:
The truth of night is larger than the truth of day.
The dark world rolls away, but in the track
Of light the darkness keeps on rolling back.

ANNA MADGE

Slave Labour Camps

Katorga. By BERNHARD ROEDER. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Even in nineteenth-century England, an open society with parliamentary institutions, the process of industrialisation was cruel enough. In Soviet Russia it was unspeakably brutal. The basis of the whole regime was the prison camp. Its most imposing monuments – the industrial cities of Vorkuta and Karaganda – were built with slave labour. But, by a fortunate paradox, Marx's laws caught up even with Marx's followers: what the system produced above all was its own gravediggers. In building the great industrial centres and the giant dams, the regime was destroying its own foundation: the backwardness of old Russia, which had made Terror economically necessary and politically feasible. This is the familiar neo-Menshevik thesis which has captivated many western observers of the Soviet Union. It has the advantage of seeming both realistic and reassuring. What light does Mr Roeder's book – an inside account of the Vorkuta labour camp – throw on it?

The superficial answer is: – not much. There are some brilliant flashes: the long line of *katorzhniki* marching from work through the Arctic night; the snowstorm raging as both prisoners and guards celebrate the news of Stalin's death. But too much of the book is occupied by tedious conversations between the prisoners, consisting largely of abstract disquisitions on the nature of the Soviet system. Most of them could have been written by a western sovietologist who had never been inside a labour camp – and none of them is as interesting as the book's preface, by Mr Floyd of the *Daily Telegraph*.

Something of value, however, can be gleaned. Soviet labour camps were apparently nothing like Nazi concentration camps. Their purpose was economic growth, not racial murder. Consequently, there was a limit to the sufferings they imposed – at least on the able-bodied. Conditions in the camp were unbearably harsh; so were conditions outside. The prisoners were not much worse off than free workmen attracted to the area by high wages – or even than their own guards. In some cases they might even be better off than ordinary people elsewhere in Russia: one prisoner got letters from his family asking him to buy shoes for his daughter. After Stalin's death, they were even able to organise strikes – and win.

The prisoners' attitude was equally unexpected. Many of them, like Mr Roeder himself, were foreigners. These hated the Soviet system. But few intelligent *Russian* prisoners seem to have been fundamentally opposed to the regime which had condemned them – except for anarchists who would have opposed any regime. Tsarist prison camps were the seminaries of communist revolution; communist prison camps seem to produce communist revisionists. There are no Trotskys or Stalins in Vorkuta today, only Soviet Stolypins. Even those who had been opposed to the regime often ceased to care when they were released. Former convicts who had been possessed by a burning sense of grievance, dreaming of political upheaval, became, in Mr Roeder's phrase, 'miserable Soviet petty bourgeois, who could only think in terms of roubles'.

The net conclusion from this book is less optimistic than one hoped. The current optimistic theory assumes that Stalin's tyranny was above all *economically* determined. Slave labour was needed; so a purge was held to provide it. Now slave labour is not needed; so no more purges. But if this book is true, it is certainly not obvious

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Secker & Warburg

that slave labour was ever necessary. The slaves of Vorkuta often worked side by side with semi-slaves, who had only been directed there, without being imprisoned and tortured. In that case why was it ever economically necessary to imprison or torture anyone? The present Virgin Soil campaign is proceeding on the basis of administrative direction combined with moral compulsion, not terror. Why could the Arctic Circle not have been developed in the same way?

Another current view is that industrialisation of itself must produce liberalisation. You can create a modern state with slaves; to run it you need a co-operative working class, which is allowed to think for itself. But will it think liberal thoughts? It may, like Mr Roeder's Soviet petty bourgeois, be interested only in a quick rouble, and the immediate interests of its own families. Altogether, this book gives no promise that Krushchev could not become another Stalin (though he may not); perhaps the brigand theory of the Soviet Union may be right after all.

DAVID MARQUAND

Novel and Romance

The American Novel and its Tradition. By RICHARD CHASE. *Bell.* 16*s.*

The Power of Blackness: Hawthorne, Poe, Melville. By HARRY LEVIN. *Faber.* 25*s.*

It is the theme of Mr Chase's lucid and very valuable book that the element of romance is so strong in the American tradition that, in the European sense, the American novel can hardly be said to exist. He also shares with the far less lucid, myth-hunting Mr Harry Levin, the now popular idea that the American imagination is especially haunted by the ideas of blackness and whiteness, light and dark, and that this preoccupation comes from Manichæism and Calvinism. The sky is the limit for this kind of theory. It is easily applicable to some European novelists as well, particularly to all products of the Romantic movement. Years ago Mr Graham Greene tried it plausibly on *Oliver Twist*; it can be forced with success on D. H. Lawrence, and is the general principle of melodrama. But the basic theme of Mr Chase's book – that American writers have tended to break into romance and travel away from the novel – is very suggestive. It leads to an illuminating interpretation of what American individuals have demanded or despaired of in one another; and we begin to understand, in a general way, why American novels appear to set interesting people in a poorly equipped society, to treat it perfunctorily, and yet to extend the range of emotional experience available for the novelist. In doing this – were they not so problem and conscience-ridden in the Puritan way – many American novelists have points of comparison with the Russians of the nineteenth century.

In its field, Mr Chase's book is as decisive as Dr Leavis's. He is more gracious and has more pleasure in literature than the English master; he does not dogmatically abolish; he has more curiosity, he is weaker merely in the use of quotations, in which Dr Leavis is always admirable. To point the break between the American romance and the English novel, Mr Chase notes that whereas *Wuthering Heights* is a sport in English fiction, in American it would have a natural place. There are one or two novels of our Godwin period which would also fit happily in the American tradition. (I myself would suggest Robert Bage's *Hermsprong.*) The distinction between the English and American habit – Mr Chase

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is on far less certain ground when he speaks of the European tradition generally – is this:

> On the whole our [American] novelists have not been interested in social manners but in 'personalities of transcendent value' as Van Wyck Brooks called Henry James's characters, personalities who transcend among other things the amenities and disciplines of social intercourse.

At once, two very disparate European novelists – Stendhal and Meredith – can be advanced as specialists in 'transcendent value'; but as Mr Chase, echoing Henry James, would no doubt protest, they did so on the soil of a rich society. Henry James said the American social material was thin; Cooper said there were no manners to observe. Mr Chase adds more shrewdly that what manners there were and are, are uniform and lack variety. More important, because it is so persistent –

> there is the . . . distrust of or simple lack of interest in the idea of society itself, so that it seems unnatural to Americans to suppose that social conventions and laws are beneficial to the individual.

And that despite the extreme conventionality of American domestic manners. Even Henry James, with his craving for a rich and stable civilisation, points to a strenuous sense of personal rightness as 'the source and warrant of moral value' – a sense which has often made the ordinary European traveller regard America as a moral gymnasium well outside his training, and indeed often, his interest. It is a good point that the novelists of manners – Edith Wharton, Ellen Glasgow, John O'Hara, etc. – are not of the first rank.

Mr Chase addresses himself to the novelists we know – Cooper, Hawthorne, Melville, James (*The Portrait of a Lady*), Twain, Fitzgerald and Faulkner; also to novelists we hardly know at all or have never heard of: Brockden Brown, Cable's novel about New Orleans, *Grandissimes*, Howells's *The Vacation of the Kelwyns*. He writes of individual books, as one who has had pleasure and can convey it, and who does not crudely force his diagnosis. He understands that romance, having grown out of thin social soil, will be narrow but intense. It loses the rich detailed realistic and analytical rendering of men and women in society; character is simplified and idealised, aspects of class are unnoticed or irrelevant, action is more important than analysis, sensational events of symbolical meaning may occur; the melodramatic sense of the clash of irreconcilable extremes – good and evil, light and dark – is likely to be present; for the American imagination is 'less interested in incarnation and reconciliation' or in the catharsis of great tragedy, than in 'alienation and disorder'. This last is what brings certain Americans close to the nineteenth-century Russians, who also shared the faculty – observable in a novelist like Faulkner – of turning their backs upon the horrors or the nihilism they have observed, and of contentedly closing their eyes and accepting the simple, almost pastoral pleasures of life as if nothing had happened. The great Gatsby was explicitly a crook, but Fitzgerald presented him convincingly as the relaxed participator in the American dream; despite the closing of the frontier and the prison bars of city culture, there is always this dream territory to 'light out' into.

Mr Levin, a more consciously brilliant and hard-driving critic with the allusive and obsessive bent, is dealing with the far less seizable notion of 'the power of blackness' on minds like Poe, Hawthorne and Melville. I find him more interesting for his incidental remarks than for the main argument that provokes them. He weighs his novelists down with far too much capacity for coherent thought. Melville, especially, requires a cooler mind. Mr Levin thinks that the break between the European and American cultures is now coming rapidly to an end; certainly one agrees that in his present situation, the individual in Europe finds himself in something like the American situation. With one enormous difference: whatever social intricacy and richness Europe has lost – and novelists are particularly brought up against the fact – there is no instinctive hostility to society as such in Europe. We love the worldly and the world. The anarchism and aloneness, the 'alienation' Mr Chase speaks of, are not in our novelistic tradition, though they may be heard in English poetry.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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The Going Generation

Teddy Boy. By E. RYMAN. *Michael Joseph.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Where Love Is. By JOSEPHINE BALLS. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Telling the Teenagers. By ROSE HACKER. *Deutsch.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

I have known a good many teachers in primary and secondary schools who have suddenly found themselves jobs, knowing them to be far tougher than anything they were used to, at approved schools. Why do they do it? They may perhaps get another £250 a year (as the teacher in *Teddy Boy* did), but they more than earn it in loss of amenities, leisure, and privacy: it isn't the money. Something else gets into them. They quite often go on from there to teaching deaf-and-dumb, epileptic, or spastic children. More than most social workers they confirm that 'the test of a vocation is the love of the drudgery it involves'.

The approved schoolmaster in *Teddy Boy* passes all tests. Even if you have to give him slightly grudging marks for leadership, on the ground of over-sententiousness in his sermonettes to the boys, this may be only his way of writing. He is successful with the boys, you can tell (for here the smallest progress must be counted success, and Mr Ryman never overstates); he responds humanly to their clamorous, artful, uncertain, and often pitiful demands for attention, punishment, and affection; and you feel that so long as men like him are willing to take on this daunting work, the approved school idea is abundantly worth persevering with. *Perseverance* would, indeed, have been an apter title for Mr Ryman's book than *Teddy Boy* – most of the boys in it are noticeably un-teddy; but as an account of approved school life it has absolute authenticity, and it is readable from cover to cover.

The major theme of *Where Love Is* finds its simplest statement on page 28:

> We have all become used to the methods for promoting physical health which not so long ago were considered revolutionary, and have ceased to question the fact that a child deprived of vitamin D is likely to develop the misshapen bones of rickets. Now it is the turn of mental health: and the present generation is being asked to accept the newer and even more startling idea that a young child deprived of mother-love and all that goes with it can grow up with a misshapen personality.

We all accept it, I think. But not everyone accepts the implication in the author's secondary theme, namely that the local authorities might be well advised to close down their nursery homes and board out as many as possible of their 'deprived children' under five with suitable foster-parents. In 1952, convinced at last that the 'group care' of infants was not satisfactory, the Children's Committee of the Northumberland County Council (of which the author was a member) decided to close its residential nurseries and build up, in their stead, a scattered community of foster homes. The exciting part of this book is the well-told story of how that was done, and of its manifest success with the children. The task of finding the foster-parents ought to have been enough to dishearten even a Children's Committee, but somehow they were found – even for one half-caste baby with no traceable parents who was known to have been baptised a Roman Catholic; and there are many gentle touches of verisimilitude, as in the startled reaction of the newly-fostered children to the incredible spectacle of their foster-parents lying in bed, getting dressed, washing, or shaving. Most effectively, by way of contrast, one chapter describes the life of the 'normal' child in a conventionally happy household, and (because the author knows what she is talking about) gives a faithful picture, typical of millions, that greatly sharpens the poignancy of the rest.

Mrs Rose Hacker's book is offered as 'a guide to parents, teachers, and youth leaders'. For some years now, there has been no conspicuous shortage of these 'facts of life' guides, and most of them say the same things in much the same way. This is why one is tempted to call Mrs Hacker's a brilliant book. None of the others, as far as I know, so evenly and literately and *comfortably* does this prickly job of *Telling the Teenagers* (who, anyway, ought to have been told a lot younger). Mrs Hacker treats love as a function of the human intellect, 'infatuation' as its zoological counterfeit; and she packs more genial sense into her two hundred pages than you could shake out of all the portentous 'encyclopædias of sexual knowledge' put in a sack together.

C. H. ROLPH

Businessmen's Politics

The Anti-Corn Law League, 1838-1846. By NORMAN MCCORD. *Allen & Unwin.* 25s.

Mr McCord's book might well be called 'myth and reality of the Anti-Corn Law League'. The myth is that the abolition of the Corn Laws in 1846 was primarily due to the League's activities. But Mr McCord shows that its forms of propaganda and pressure, ideally suited though they were to modern parliamentarianism, were quite incapable of effectively influencing the gentlemen oligarchs of the 1840s. The extra-parliamentary activities of Cobden's men were not very triumphant either. They never dented the hostility of the farmers. It is doubtful whether they could have held their own against the Chartists but for the aid of hired (O'Connellite) Irish strong-arm men and some pressure by employers on their operatives. Though the League bought and manipulated votes at enormous expense, its electoral record was unimpressive. In fact, its claims to practical influence, rather like those of the early Fabians, reflect its talent for propaganda more than its actual achievement.

However, the reality of the League is not less impressive than the myth. Its immediate achievement was to put the provincial industrialists on the political map as an organised, class-conscious and superbly confident body, perhaps the only one in modern British history genuinely convinced that it did not need the Establishment. Its long-term achievement was to teach all subsequent parties and pressure-groups how one wins friends and influences people in a parliamentary democracy, and how one indoctrinates the citizens ideologically by means of advertising campaigns. Its methods were not new, but nobody before the League had used them so systematically. For it brought to politics the four great assets of the Manchester businessmen who were its chief pillars: money, office organisation, absolute confidence that what was good for cotton-masters must be good for the country, and the unscrupulousness which is the by-product of such certainty. Honest men lied and bribed without a tremor: those who wished to combine politics and private morality soon found themselves edged out. Quakers plied corrupt voters with liquor; respectable men hired doubtful drunks to propagate the good cause; conferences were packed; dissenting ministers inveigled under false pretences. Politics was politics, just as business was business.

All this Mr McCord describes carefully and soberly, thus adding much to our knowledge of British politics and to our respect for Richard Cobden. However, he also contends that the Radicals chose to concentrate on the Corn Laws because they could rally broad support on this issue, which is reasonable, and because 'the country was not in a mood for further constitutional reforms', which is grotesque. There was plenty of support for Reform in the peak years of Chartism. The point is, as Mr McCord's evidence shows time and again, that it could not be mobilised because middle-class Radicals distrusted working-class ones, and vice versa. Old-style Radicals tried to reconstruct the old general alliance against the aristocrats and found themselves snubbed by both Chartists and Leaguers. One could have either the manufacturers or workers, but not both. The League unequivocally chose the masters. Whatever the intentions of Cobden, or the more extremist and uninfluential Bright, it united them not as Radicals but as businessmen. However, neither this criticism, nor Mr McCord's underestimate of the influence of economic fluctuations on the political mood of the campaign – especially in the horrifying year 1841-2 – should detract from the value of a very good piece of historical work.

E. J. HOBSBAWM

New Novels

Black Fire. By MARCEL SALA. *Hutchinson.* 15s.

A Time to be Happy. By NAYANTARA SAHGAL. *Gollancz.* 16s.

The Seraglio. By JAMES MERRILL. *Chatto & Windus.* 15s.

Young Mr Keefe. By STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM. *Collins.* 15s.

On the face of it, in *Black Fire*, which is translated by Geoffrey Sainsbury from the French, Marcel Sala is recounting a case of Bovaryism. In fact, he is doing something more. His narrator, Pozzi, first meets and is obscurely moved by Ghislaine Rollin in the French Alps, where her husband is manager of a ramshackle mine. He meets them again some years later in a different industrial area where Rollin is now in charge of a mine threatened continually by underground fire. Pozzi's relations with Ghislaine are tentative almost to the point of being nebulous, as he feels himself, yet she haunts his imagination. She is an ambiguous figure: is she anything more than a bored, dissatisfied woman without resources stuck in an ugly provincial town and cut off from any real interest in her husband's work by the very nature of that work? She leaves him just at the time when the subterranean fire breaks its bounds and sweeps through the pit.

The symbolism of pit and fire is obvious, and Sala makes no bones about it. Yet there is something more. Pozzi reflected about Ghislaine:

> Once again she had cheated. Cheated? But at what game? Had she ever accepted our rules, our complex structure of conventions, duties, and mutual obligations, and the scale of social values that enforced them? And had she, in going, respected the rules of some other game – a game of her own – which we had never bothered to study or understand?

So that Ghislaine herself becomes a symbol, a symbol of opposition to the man-made, the masculine world. With a sober skill that is more effective than brilliance, Sala evokes the world of industrial life; in microcosm he shows us the modern world of planning and large-scale business enterprise. He is not against it; indeed one of the merits of this novel is its singular fairness. He sees the complexity of our society and its incidental heroisms. He also sees the toll it exacts in individual unhappiness and frustration. And he sees something else, a perversity at the heart of things. 'How,' Pozzi thinks about the planners and the managers, 'could one ever convince them that there was, at a deeper level, a universe of violence and anger, which nothing they could achieve would ever abolish?'

Black Fire is by no means perfect. It is overlong in getting off the mark, and Ghislaine remains shadowy. But there are fine things in it. The rendering of modern technical organisation is impressive, and the descriptions of mining life and of the fire are remarkably good. Beyond this, there is the deeply satisfying sense that the novel enshrines a total response to experience.

Nayantara Sahgal is Madame Pandit's daughter: she has written a most attractive novel, attractive because of the generosity and large-mindedness it displays. Her theme is fascinating: a wealthy, Anglicised young Indian's discovery of what it means to be an Indian; and the milieu is no less fascinating, that section of Indian society

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MACMILLAN

made up of industrialists and civil servants that had modelled itself largely upon the English. Mrs Sahgal's narrator belongs to it but has broken away and renounced his heritage in order to become a follower of Gandhi. He has broken away in no fanatical spirit and still has friends among the English as well as among Indians opposed to or passive towards Congress. It is through his eyes that we see the transformation of India during the years immediately before and after independence, a transformation summed up in the gradual change of the young man Sanad. I can recall no novel that renders this particular aspect of Indian life so well. It is a novel of ironical contrasts, of educated Indians in the grip almost of Anglomania and yet barred from the English club, of English men and women suddenly the Top People no longer, but coming to terms with their former subjects, now their masters, in the same club. Mrs Sahgal allows the comedy inherent in such situations to emerge quietly and naturally. The tone is exquisitely civilised, and the generosity the more striking because of the very obvious patriotism, the almost mystical feeling for Mother India, that informs the novel.

With *The Seraglio* and *Young Mr Keefe*, first novels from the United States, we are in the Crazy Mixed-up Poor Little Rich Kids department. *The Seraglio* is a good way the more successful, highly and elaborately mannered in style, continuously witty, deadpan in approach, with not the least sign of a moral attitude towards his characters and action on the part of the author, containing some brilliant comic passages, and in the end, or so I found, quite claustrophobic in effect. The novel describes the latter days of Benjamin Tanning, a fantastically rich tycoon who lives surrounded by a seraglio of former wives or mistresses. Funny as it often is, and formidably intelligent as it is all the time, the novel suffers from the complete absence of any kind of contrast with the fantasticated life presented in its pages. 'The very rich are different from you and me.' I'll say they are.

In Young Mr Keefe the fortunes amount only to four or five million dollars, but behind the eponymous hero is the New England tradition 'known as "treating money tastefully". If you could afford to buy a Cadillac, you bought a Ford, because it was more economical on gasoline' The novel begins brilliantly with a triangle of wealthy young New Englanders adrift in the extraordinary civilisation of California. Mr Birmingham has a wonderful ear for colloquial speech. But when it settles down to narrate the sad story of Jimmy Keefe's messed-up marriage it becomes altogether too obviously a very young man's novel.

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

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The Man Who Presumed: H. M. Stanley. By BYRON FARWELL. *Longmans.* 25*s.*

The career of Henry Morton Stanley would have provided a meaty text for Samuel Smiles. Born a bastard, he was abandoned by his mother and spent the first 15 years of his life in the workhouse. He ran away to sea, became a merchant's clerk in New Orleans, joined the Confederate army, was taken prisoner and ended the war in the Federal Navy. During these adventures he read the Bible, Shakespeare and Herodotus and it was this combination – plus his pledge to the Band of Hope – which produced his heavy, sanctimonious but accurate prose-style The siege of Fort Fisher by Federal warships provided him with his first journalistic copy, and he soon became a roving reporter for the *New York Herald*, covering Indian wars, revolutions in Spain, and the British punitive expedition to Abyssinia in 1868. A grim, humourless man, he had no friends, no vices, no desires except success.

In 1869, Stanley was summoned to Paris for a midnight conference with James Gordon Bennet, publisher of the *Herald*, and instructed to find Livingstone. The scene is oddly contemporary:

> I want you to go to the inauguration of the Suez Canal first and then proceed up the Nile. I hear Baker is about starting for Upper Egypt. Find out what you can about his expedition and as you go up describe as well as possible whatever is interesting to tourists; and then write up a guide – a practical one – for lower Egypt. . . . Then you might as well as go to Jerusalem – I hear Captain Warren is making some interesting discoveries there. Then visit Constantinople and find out about that trouble between the Khedive and the Sultan. Then – let me see – you might as well visit the Crimea and those old battlegrounds. Then go across the Caucasus to the Caspian Sea: I hear there is a Russian expedition bound for Khiva. From thence you could get through Persia to India – you could write an interesting letter from Persepolis. Baghdad will be close on your way to India; suppose you go there and write up something about the Euphrates Valley Railway. Then, when you have come to India, you can go after Livingstone.

Stanley's warning about the expense of the trip was brushed aside:

> Draw £1,000 now, and when you have gone through that, draw another £1,000 – and so on; but *find Livingstone.*

Only Stanley's parting words strike an unmistakably Victorian note:

> Good night, Sir. What is in the power of human nature to do, I will do; and on such an errand as I go upon, God will be with me.

In the event, Stanley spent $20,000 merely on equipping his expedition. He travelled in the grand manner, with 192 men, 2 horses, 27 donkeys, 116 pieces of baggage, a shotgun, 2 carbines, 4 rifles, 8 pistols, 24 muskets, 2 swords, 2 daggers, a boar spear, 2 axes, 24 hatchets, a battle-axe and 24 long knives. As he grew older, his expeditions increased in size. For his second, he had 356 men, carried in over 50 boats; for his last, over 1,500. The baggage included portable baths, kitchen stoves, ponderous Bibles and – in the case of the expedition to relieve Emin Pasha, Gordon's colleague – 5 bottles of champagne, which Stanley solemnly opened when its object had been attained. The great explorer seems to have liked his comforts, and when lecturing in America he rolled along in a private Pullman coach, named the *Henry M. Stanley*, equipped with a kitchen, a dining room, 3 state bedrooms, a bathroom and a drawing room containing a grand piano.

Stanley's expeditions invariably succeeded, but the losses were enormous. On his second, he fought 32 pitched battles with hostile natives, many of them naval combats between armadas of war-canoes. Of the 1,500 who set out on his quest for Emin Pasha, less than half returned. Apart from malaria, of which he had 500 bouts, Stanley himself survived unscathed, but his white lieutenants almost always died. Hence his accounts of his travels were rarely corroborated by independent witnesses, and they were received with suspicion in scientific circles. To some extent this seems justified: many of the incidents he describes are a little too well turned to command complete confidence. But the hostility he aroused was due mainly to the fact that he was a journalist and by no means a gentleman.

Indeed, Stanley's social inferiority complex was his only weakness. A superb leader, adored by all the natives, he was never at ease with Englishmen and was tormented by social doubts even at the most dramatic moments. He spent many anxious hours wondering how he should address Livingstone, a gentleman to whom he had not been introduced, when he found him. His solution was the famous phrase, but Stanley in later years came to regard this as a *faux pas*. Instead, he considered, he should have remained silent and merely handed Livingstone a visiting card.

With age and success, Stanley developed a veneer of self-confidence. He acquired a Tudor mansion, married into a great Liberal family, sat as a Liberal-Unionist MP and was eventually knighted. His fame was world-wide. His books sold 150,000 copies apiece and at one time three plays – including a musical – were running on Broadway describing his exploits. But polite society never really accepted him. He died shortly after he retired and was immediately forgotten. The English do not like to honour journalists and the Dean of Westminster no doubt reflected Establishment opinion when he refused Stanley burial in the Abbey.

Mr Farwell's biography is by no means the first – there have been at least two others in the past decade – and is based almost entirely on secondary authorities, chiefly Stanley's own works. He has little to say about Stanley's commercial activities in the Congo, particularly his financial relations with the Arab slavers, which one suspects hide many dark secrets, and he makes no attempt to relate Stanley's career to the great unfolding of African colonisation which took place in his later years. An intelligent life of Stanley remains to be written; meanwhile, many readers will find this one, as I did, a first-class adventure story.

PAUL JOHNSON

Three Boyhoods

Prep School. By JAMES KENWARD. *Michael Joseph.* 16s.

Life Rarely Tells. By JACK LINDSAY. *Bodley Head.* 21s.

A Place of Stones. By JOHN GISCARD. *Heinemann.* 21s.

Prep School has the structure and tone of *Earlham,* and seems to be modelled on that estimable and rather dreary book. The publishers say *Prep School* is a social document and Mr Kenward behaves like a man with responsibilities. He makes no concessions to the reader. He is fond of classifications labelled (1), (2) and (3). Charts labelled (A), (B) and (C) explain the changing organisation of preparatory schools; there are also complete time-tables. Mr Kenward's first 58 pages describe his school room by room; then, in short essay-like chapters, he details every school activity. Mr Kenward's memory is incredibly sharp. But he is always more interested in the school than in the boys, and it is not surprising that although he writes with great love and frequently uses the nostalgic present tense, *Prep School* is often tedious, providing the gentle pleasure of recognition only occasionally.

Mr Jack Lindsay misleadingly sub-titles his book 'An Australian Boyhood'. It tells us little about Mr Lindsay as a boy, and this little is told in an oblique way: it is as if Mr Lindsay is anxious not to bore us and is merely giving a commentary on well-known facts. *Life Rarely Tells* is more concerned with Mr Lindsay's spiritual growth – too tormented to set out here – and his development as a poet. This is not the sort of writing I am in sympathy with. When every new emotion is seized with joy and examined with awe until it is turned into an intellectual thing, I begin to feel that no emotion can be trusted, that every impulse has been artificially stimulated. I may be wrong, of course. Spiritual thrillers are not exactly holiday reading, and Mr Lindsay's Fourth Programme prose doesn't help.

> Only by renunciation had I come to this secret tryst among the parted maidenhair-ferns at the crystal bubbling source. It was my own body rising up from the waters reddened with murder, the primal castration; but it was also the body of Venus curved from her own genital shell.

For Mr Lindsay the poet is a super-being whose only duty is simply to be poetic. The actual writing of poetry doesn't seem to matter, and Mr Lindsay hardly discusses poetry as a craft.

A Place of Stones is one of the most disagreeable books I have ever read. Mr Giscard writes about his lower-middle-class boyhood in Lancashire with too much contempt to get my sympathy. It was an ugly world. Too ugly. His aunts were 'gossiping, cackling women', his grandmother was 'broad in the beam', his great-grandmother was a 'maudlin bitch'. The children he went to school with were smelly, snotty and nit-ridden; one vile creature even ate his jam with a 'green mouldy spoon'. Mr Giscard's favourite adjective is 'stinking' and this book establishes him as a connoisseur of lavatory smells.

> Class I surged into stinking cloakrooms, doffed reeking rags, shoved into hall, pinching, jostling, to line up in the drab twilight.

In this dark world of dog-dirt and horse-dung even truancy brings no joys: 'Cole was playing truant down by the open sewer'. Teachers and children are savage and sadistic. Mr Giscard despises the whole smelly lot, yet describes his

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KENNETH ALLSOP, *Daily Mail*

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Hutchinson

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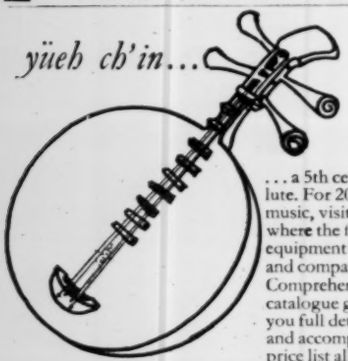

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gang-fights and floggings with so much relish that he has little time to tell us about his family. Perhaps it really was all as squalid as Mr Giscard says; but other writers have dealt with equal squalor and turned it into something of literary worth by their charity, humour, and even anger: not contempt. Mr Giscard writes from no standpoint of morality except that of his egoism. An absence of values makes a novel cold and negative; it makes this sort of autobiography repulsive.

V. S. NAIPAUL

Week-end Competition

No. 1,482 **Set by Scythrop**

There are enough songs in praise of drink; the usual prizes are offered for a song (limit 12 lines) in praise of any cooked dish. Entries by 5 August.

Result of No. 1,479 **Set by Swithin**

The usual prizes are offered for the opening stanzas of an Ode to Rain. Limit, 16 lines.

Report

Over the way a waggon
Stands with six smoking horses, shrinking, blinking,
While in the George and Dragon
The man is keeping himself dry – and drinking!
The Butcher's boy skulks underneath his tray,
Hats shine – shoes don't – and down droop collars,
And one blue Parasol cries all the way
To school, in company with four small scholars!

That, alas, is not from an entry, but from Hood's *Ode to Saint Swithin*; and no competitor had anything quite as good as his gay rhyming, though Eileen M. Haggitt and J. A. Lindon had a good shot at it. The most curious entry came from G. M. Holmes, prefaced by

> I first heard the following in a flooded public-house in Glossop, Derbyshire, on Whit-Monday, 1944, when 5¼ inches of rain fell in about three hours. It was not composed for the occasion and seemed to be well known locally.

Manchester patriotism inspired B. Sabine's

O rain! which in those first industrial days
Kept damp the endless reels of filament . . .

David Butler had a good swinging opening

Farmers, spin-bowlers and mackintosh-makers,
Water-diviners, dam-makers and breakers –
All are dependent on Pluvian Jove's
Hand – let them thank him as each it behoves.

James Fidgen summed up for the defence

What were June without thee?
What were summer *dry?*

Prize money to be divided between W. G. Daish, Rhoda Tuck Pook and Joan Ackner. Commended: G. J. Roberts, Adrienne Gascoigne, Brian Hammond, Philomela, 'A', and Stanley J. Sharpless.

Scavenge the gutter, rod the water-spout,
For Summer comes and June has busted out!
That cistern which we mortals call the sky,
Impatient, could not wait until July.
And thus, O humid goddess, I address
My ode a little late, I must confess.
And I would hymn thee louder, if I could,
With all the zest of Barham and of Hood.
Thou midwife who, at birth, drown'st all my seeds,
Yet givest safe delivery to weeds;
Thou washerwoman of the ocean strand,
Who clearest fronts of kids and stop'st the band;
Of thee I sing, thou wet-bob's Alma Mater,
(I nearly said All Hail! but that comes later.)
Anglers' sweet handmaid, nurse of lakes and stews,
Who sendest rheum and floods to make the news . . .

16 lines done; I write '&c'
Too bad; the weather has got wetterer!

W. G. DAISH

Thanks be for rain falling in gracious wise,
Heaven's curtain folds,
Swirling to veil those wayward, laughing eyes –
Sweet paradox that every April holds.

Deo gratias for rain
That, cloud escarpments riving, strums on roof and tree
With silver aiguille shards, and striking, leaps again
Skyward; thunderous tympani
Within the heaven-scored symphony.
But for such idiot drooling as, day upon day,
Dissolves high summer in a nullity of grey,
Be bane and malison! Swithin, for once withhold thy spell!
Must sons of this New Age, owning nor God nor Hell,
(Being sceptic, reared in science, modernist) obsequiously
Tell over forty sodden days, thy devil's rosary?

RHODA TUCK POOK

How shall I bid you welcome if you never go away?
The warmest host grows chill at length with guests who overstay.
O for an island in the sun where you are never met!
Or even for an island where alternate days are wet.
I have spent many a summer – to give a farce a name –
Sitting goose-pimpled on a beach and wondering why I came,
And inched into that grey expanse the English call the sea,
And still the heavens opened, and still you rained on me.

Ninety-three million miles away the sun burns on in space,
I ponder on the distance as you drive into my face.
The Mistral and the Khamsin they blow both hot and dry,
And this, to me, seems worth the chance of sand in either eye.
I care not for Horse Latitudes, of Trade Winds take no heed,
The Beaufort Scale of Wind-Force I scarcely stop to read,
Of isotherms and isobars I little know or care,
But fluently can I recite the zones where you are rare.

JOAN ACKNER

City Lights

Too Much Reality

Still blinking and shaken, the City has begun this week to get up and dust itself, to think about money again, and to congratulate itself on its phlegm. Markets, in fact, have been little affected by the crisis, but because business dried up almost at once almost completely almost everywhere price movements have been sharp only in the oil market and in a few places where speculators were found with their pants down. Wall Street, too, has been a great comfort in these testing times. American investors have old-fashioned notions and old-fashioned nerves; all crises, they hold, are good for business. Wall Street, rising for some time, has taken another sharp turn upwards and is now not far short of the peak from which it dropped so steeply in the autumn of last year.

The rise in Wall Street prices during the past couple of months has mocked the pundits; a few of them have now weathercocked themselves about, but more stock is sold short at the moment than at any time during the past 27 years. This 'strong technical position' can only help the market in the short run – every fall is offset by bears running to take profits, every rise is exaggerated by bears rushing for cover – but it is nevertheless slightly alarming. The rise in prices can be explained away to some extent by the anxiety of pension funds and insurance companies to invest their money in equities whatever the immediate outlook and by the steady growth of the US open-end trust movement, the number of whose supporters has risen from under 500,000 to more than three million since the war. But the fact remains that American business is unlikely to be booming again for some time to come and that present prices bear no relation at all to the profits to be expected in the immediate future. The market may succeed in weathering the interval, but if it *does* drop it may drop sharply enough to have unpleasant repercussions on consumer and business confidence.

* * *

The affairs of Standard Motor are now in a bigger mess than ever. Last year Massey-Ferguson, a Canadian company for which Standard manufactures tractors at Coventry, having acquired some 20 per cent. of its shares quietly through the market, tried and failed to acquire the rest through a bid. Recently another opportunity turned up. Standard offered to acquire the capital of Mulliners, the motor-car body-builders, in exchange for its own shares: Massey-Ferguson promptly offered to acquire the new Standard shares so issued at 8s apiece. With any luck it would thus obtain another large block of the Standard equity without having to buy through the market and push up the price against itself. The City, however, is all against Massey-Ferguson's tactics. It has been waiting with some eagerness, therefore, for the Standard directors to frustrate Massey-Ferguson.

They have made a gallant attempt; they have restored the dividend to the level from which it was cut two years ago and they have announced a revalution of the company's assets which implies a considerable increase in the asset backing to the shares. The shares have, in fact, risen in the market – but they have not risen to the critical 8s point, and it now seems certain that Massey-Ferguson will succeed in increasing its shareholding substantially. The result will be to give a commanding position in Standard's affairs to a foreign company which has no very brilliant trading record of its own and whose interests are in some respects opposed to those of Standard, which will hold enough shares to make an outside bid unlikely, yet lack sufficient cash of its own to make a respectable bid to other shareholders. It is not surprising, therefore, that the City should be muttering angrily about the Standard board's lack of guts. One newspaper has gone so far as to recommend to it the example of another board of directors which repelled an aggressor in somewhat similar circumstances by slipping 30 per cent. of total voting power to the trustees of the company's pension fund. It forgets that investors need protection against their own directors much more often than they need it against a bidder.

TAURUS

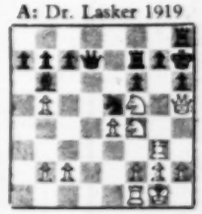
The Chess Board

No. 454. A Ruling on Rules

There oughtn't to be any need for a ruling if the rules are as clear-cut and devoid of ambiguity as those of our game. Yet, exceptions may arise and here's a case in point, a game-position reported by O. Gallischek in *Schach-Echo*.

White played P-B4 and triumphantly announced a mate next move. 'Nonsense,' said Black, 'it's a draw! You've just stalemated me.'—'I have not,' insisted White indignantly, 'you have to take my P *en passant*, and then B-K3 is a mate.'—'I don't *have* to take your silly pawn at all,' said Black with equal indignation; 'and I am not going to take it!' The club secretary produced the official rules and confirmed that the e.p.P *can* be taken. There is no rule, though, that it *must* be taken. Its capture is a privilege, not a duty. But what then about the stalemate rule? What about the clear-cut definition that a player, while not actually in check, is stalemated when his K has nowhere to move. Isn't the right, nay the duty, to move the very lifeblood of the game? Shouldn't that right and that duty be given top priority when in conflict with a merely optional rule? True enough, the e.p. capture is a privilege. But should it not become a duty in the exceptional circumstances of no other move being available? I wonder what readers think about it. Myself, while admitting the force of my last argument, I would like to favour the other one because I happen to be particularly fond of the e.p. rule. There is so much wisdom and justice in opposing the one privilege of the two-step by yet another privilege of the e.p. capture, provided it is exercised forthwith. No wonder that the e.p. rule plays a potent part in that delightful type of problem requiring not merely a solution but proof of legality. Here's a neat one I found in Lasker's own magazine which he edited in New York for a few years just over 50 years ago. /2kt5/p7/PR1B4/bPpK4/ktk6/8/1PP5/8/. When a new member of the Club had this poser set to him he gave it a moment's thought and said: 'Simple. PxP e.p. double checkmate.' And when asked how he knew that the move was legal he explained that neither the Black K nor his B and RP could have moved previously; nor either of the Kts because that would have involved a check; nor for the same reason could the BP have come from c6; hence its double-step was the only possible move.

A: Dr. Lasker 1919



Speaking of the great Emanuel, the 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which, playing White, he forced the issue in a few moves. How? B should be a bargain for 6 ladder-points with the useful hint that, so as to achieve stalemate White gets all his pieces pinned. C (for 7 points) is also a stalemate study, and with a very pretty 'echo' too. Usual prizes. Entries by 5 August.

B: Fred Lazard 1912

C: R. Kasparyan 1936

REPORT on No. 451. Set 5 July

A: (12) Q x P ch, P x Q; (13) B-R6 mate

B: (1) K-B1, B-B4! (B x P?); (2) P-Kt4!, B-Q5; (3) B-B8 ch, K-K4; (4) B-Kt7 ch, K-K5; (5) B-Kt2 ch (and either mate or loss of B)

C: (1) R-R8 ch, K-Kt2; (2) R-Kt8 ch, K-R2!; (3) B x P, R x B ch; (4) K-Kt1!, Kt-B6 ch; (5) K-B1, R-R8 ch; (6) K-Kt2, R-Kt8 ch; (7) K-R3!, R-R8 ch; (8) K-Kt2 etc

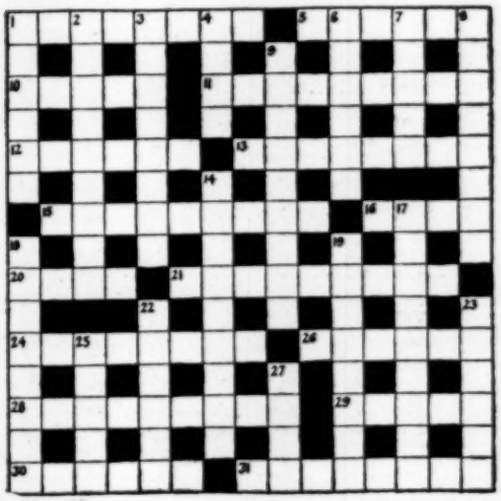
(4) . . . R-Kt7 ch is countered by (5) K-R1!, K x R stalemate

Many correct solutions. Prizes: E. A. Barclay-Smith, E. W. Carmichael, J. W. Eccelson, R. Hayward, J. W. Lane.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 313

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 313, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 5 Aug.



ACROSS

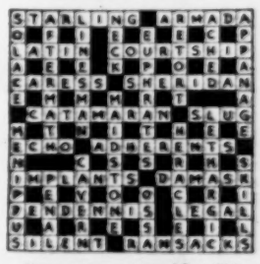
1. They go over or under the rails (8).
5. Escaped from Geneva dedicated to world peace (6).
10. The staff is to continue to defy the attack (5).
11. American town in which one has to come ashore behind the hillside (9).
12. As a page is missing the story is not for cattle (6).
13. The statesman with a bowler is a sloth perhaps (8).
15. Roman emperor who finishes up as an oriental (9).
16. American expression for a sinuous curve (4).
20. 'Severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth ——' (Bacon) (4).
21. Magic means of summoning dogs (9).
24. Encouragements to food production or savings (8).
26. Made of fibre, it has to enclose twice (6).
28. Not to take a definite line before disputes is a feature of the country (9).
29. Spirits put the information before me twice (5).
30. Type an article for William perhaps (6).
31. Foot would have nothing in the count returned if the defeat were cancelled (8).

DOWN

1. It travels underground but takes a motor vehicle up on the road (6).
2. The unselfconscious person has a run on the green (9).
3. The faithful wife and her place of confinement before she has to escape (8).
4. Fold for the common herd (4).
6. Capital girl rising immediately after six (6).
7. A little drink with a piece of entertainment (5).
8. Stranger in climbing rose is a rambler (8).
9. Bits of coastline for what takes place at the end of a capital flight (9).
14. I throw my weight about for a place in London (9).
17. What is done in blind searchings for class divisions (9).
18. Toast only the two-faced could provide? (8).
19. A bit of music with nothing more than a cockney instrument to encourage one (8).
22. A scene shifter and playwright (6).
23. Lives in 1984 for clothes? (6).
25. Man's companion in the Church (5).
27. The city is essential in causing a go-slow (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 311



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Apply with Testimonials to: Secretary to the Council, Moira House School, Eastbourne.

AUSTRALIA – University of Sydney. Senior Lectureships and Lectureships in History and Ancient History. Applications are invited for the under-mentioned positions. Of the four positions advertised here, three are newly established as part of the expansion of the Department of History and the other has been re-established at a higher level than previously. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,200 – 80 – £A2,550 per annum; for a Lecturer within the range £A1,500 – 90 – £A2,100 per annum. In each case cost of living adjustment will be allowed and the salary will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. (1) Lectureship/Senior Lectureship. Candidates should have qualifications in the modern history of China or Japan or South-east Asia. The successful applicant will be required to teach in the general field of the modern history of East Asia. (2) Lectureship/Senior Lectureship; and Lectureship. Candidates with qualifications in Modern European History will be preferred for one position and candidates with qualifications in Modern British History for the other. (3) Lectureship in Ancient History. Preference will be given to candidates specialising in Classical Greek History. Candidates should state their qualifications in all fields of Ancient Near Eastern and Classical Greek and Roman History. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 15 August, 1958

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa. Department of Education. Lecturer (Sociology of Education). Applications are invited for appointment to a post of Lecturer in the Department of Education, for which special qualifications in Sociology of Education are required. Duties are to be assumed on 1 January 1959 or as soon as possible thereafter. Applicants should hold a research degree. The Lecturer appointed will conduct seminars and supervise research with candidates for higher degrees in Education. The salary attached to the post is on the scale £850 × £50 – £1,200, plus a temporary cost of living allowance of £234 per annum in the case of a married man. Membership of the Provident Fund is compulsory and involves a contribution of 7½ of the salary paid. Membership of the Staff Medical Aid Fund is obligatory in the case of an officer who is found eligible for membership. Further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq., WC1. Applications close in Sth Africa and London on 20 August, 1958.

FAMILY Service Units developing rapidly with official support, has vacancies for social workers. Exacting but rewarding work, offering unique experience and thorough training in family casework. Social science training and previous experience of social work desirable. Non-resident salaries £525/25-700; children's allowances; pension scheme. A few senior posts, with wide range and interesting prospects, available for suitably qualified and experienced caseworkers. Write to Secretary, FSU, 25 St Mary's Grove, London, N1.

LONDON County Council. Psychiatric Workers required for work (1) with a team dealing, under the general direction of a consultant psychiatrist, with the domiciliary care and after care of persons suffering from psychiatric illness, in an interesting and expanding field of psychiatric social work; (II) At the Brixton Child Guidance Unit under the Medical Director; (III) At schools for maladjusted children. Duties will mainly involve visiting the children's homes in London. Whitley salary (£585-£810 plus London Weighting) and conditions. Clerical assistance provided. Further particulars and application form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/DI/1371), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 31 July.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA. University of Queensland. Senior Lecturer in History and Method of Science. Applications are invited for this position within the Faculty of Education. Applicants should have an Honours Degree in Science. The successful applicant will be required to give a course within the Science Faculty in the History and Method of Science and to participate in lectures on methods of teaching of physical science to post-graduate students pursuing courses leading to the Diploma of Education. Salary £A2,160/£A2,510 per annum. Further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia & London, on 15 Aug. 1958.

AUSTRALIA – University of Melbourne. Readership in Statistics. The University of Melbourne proposes to make an appointment to a Readership in the Department of Statistics and invites inquiries from Statisticians with suitable qualifications and experience who might desire to be considered for the post. The salary range is £A2,560 – £A2,800 with annual increments of £50, the commencing salary to depend on the experience of the appointee. Some Departmental consulting work, if undertaken by the appointee, may be remunerated from the appropriate fee payable to the University. The position will be filled by invitation and it is desired to make the appointment as soon as possible. Details regarding the conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Professor of Statistics, University of Melbourne, Carlton, N3, Victoria, Australia. It would expedite matters if, when writing, full particulars of career and of teaching and consulting experience were to be given, together with the names of two or three people who might subsequently be appealed to as referees. F. H. Johnston, Registrar.

CHILD Psychiatric Unit, Crichton Royal, Dumfries. Second Psychiatric Social Worker required in 68-bed residential unit, in three houses, admitting children from all parts of Scotland, and staffing local clinics. The emphasis is on intensive casework with families and Children's Department staffs, including long-term after-care, closely integrated with long-term individual and group therapy with children. Unique opportunities for research into problems of psychotic, neurotic and personality disorders of children. Salary, etc., according to Whitley Council agreement. Accommodation available. Applications, accompanied by the names of two referees, to Physician Superintendent within 14 days from the appearance of this advertisement.

BELLSDYKE Mental Hospital, Larbert, Stirlingshire. Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the post of second Pyschiatric Social Worker at the above Hospital. Car desirable, mileage allowance paid and, where necessary, assistance may be given towards car purchase. Resident accommodation available if desired. Applications with the names of two referees should be forwarded to the Physician Superintendent

PUBLICITY Assistant required. Applicant must be able to write fluently and concisely and to undertake research and documentation. Experience in make-up and layout an advantage. The appointment will be for two years in the first instance. Salary: £840 per year. Write, giving full details and age, to the General Secretary, National Union of Teachers, Hamilton House, Mabledon Place, London, WC1.

THE Royal Free Hospital Group, Gray's Inn Road, WC1, Senior Psychologist. Applications are invited for the above post, which is a new one, and the successful candidate will be a member of the Department of Psychological Medicine and will also be expected to undertake work in the Departments of Neurosurgery, Neurology and Pædiatrics. Applicants who wish to visit the Department should write for an appointment to Dr. A. Elithorn at the Royal Free Hospital, and applications, giving the names of two referees, should be sent to the Secretary to the Board of Governors by 5 August 1958.

DEPUTY to the Matron at Home for about 400 children living in 36 small cottages at Shirley, nr. Croydon, Surrey. Position would suit energetic woman preferably trained in domestic management and catering who is interested in and aware of modern methods of child care. She would assist matron in oversight of general domestic and housekeeping arrangements of the home (incl. clothing and catering) and should be able to advise Houseparents on day-to-day domestic problems. Pleasant self-contained flat provided. Good prospects of promotion. The home, situated in an attractive estate of some 77 acres, is only 35 mins journey from Central London and 15 mins from Croydon. Salary £535 – £607 10s. (at present under review) less £128 8s. p.a. for board, etc. Closing date 1 August 1958. Further details from Children's Officer (SEDO/1335), County Hall, London, SE1.

SEVENTH Feathers Youth Club, North Kensington, W10. Experienced Club Leaders – man and woman – required for interesting post with scope for experiment and development. Living accommodation available on club premises. Superannuation Scheme. Apply with details of experience to Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready Street, NW8.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

A JOINT Committee of The National Association of Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies (Incorporated) and the Central After-Care Association has been appointed to consider applications and to make recommendations for the appointment to the joint position of General Secretary of The National Association and Director of the Men's Division of the Central After-Care Association. The former Association co-ordinates the work of voluntary Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies, and the latter deals with the statutory after-care of certain categories of men released from prison. Administrative capacity and related experience and qualifications in social work are essential. Candidates should be male and at least 35 years of age. Commencing salary £1,920. Particulars and forms on which applications must be made are obtainable from NADPAS/CACA, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1, and must be submitted not later than 15 August, 1958. Canvassing in any form will disqualify.

UNITED Nations Association requires Assistant Regional Officer based on Birmingham. Administrative experience essential. £525 × £12 10s. to £600. Applications by August 12 to UNA, 10 Gt Charles Street, Birmingham 3.

CAPABLE German-Engl. Secretary req. for interesting permanent post with Chartered Accountant. Good salary. HOLborn 2032, Ext. 3.

SHORTHAND Typists (Pool and also Education Department) required for Westminster District. Aged 21 years or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £10 3s 0d, rising to £10 13s 0d per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write, giving age and particulars of experience, to Box 2162.

INTERNATIONAL trade union organisation in London has vacancy for office worker, m. or f., for translation, research and editorial work. Permanent post. Required: German Mothertongue, knowledge of other languages; good general education, preferably some university training; able to type; trade union membership. Please write, with full particulars and salary required, enclosing specimen translation of an article from this issue of the N.S., to Box 2164.

EDITOR to prepare MSS for printing. Good academic qualifications necessary. Write: Printer, University Press, Cambridge.

VACANCY for a junior executive (female between 25 and 35 years) exists with firm of professional consultants in West End. The position requires a person of high intelligence with an ability to produce concise reports compiled mainly from newspaper and magazine sources. Ability to type efficiently an advantage. Starting salary £650. Please apply, giving brief details of career and education. Box 2184.

HAMPSHIRE. Resident post at Abbey Wells Children's Home, near Newbury, for a person who is a keen and capable gardener and prepared to take a full part in the life of the household while tackling a hard practical job. Salary scales: Men – £400 – £480 p.a. Women – £370 – £440 p.a. Less £116 p.a. in each case for board and lodging. Application form from the County Children's Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

LONDON Office of International Trade Union Organization requires Swedish translator/interpreter. Swedish mother tongue with good knowledge English, German and French. Permanent position for suitable applicant. Excellent conditions, with superannuation and holiday scheme. Preference given to applicants with trade union background or interest. Also Swedish shorthand/typist with knowledge of English. Same conditions as above. Position would also be a permanency. Box 1736.

EAST Ham County Borough. Required, Qualified Psychiatric Social Worker. Salary Scale £585 × £25 – £810 plus London Weighting. Application forms (returnable 8 August 1958) and further particulars from Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Town Hall Annexe, Barking Road, E6.

SHORTHAND-Typist (some other office duties) for Friends Peace Committee office. Apply Secretary, Friends Peace Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

WANTED for Jewish Club, Holborn district, man 25/30 for assistance with male membership. Woman 20/25 for assistance with juniors (14 upwards). Both must be keen on sport activities. Write Box No. 2107.

THEATRE Impresario (West End) requires secretary. Must be good shorthand-typist. Box 2113.

VOCATIONAL Guidance – The VGA Scheme offers a unique answer to the problem of planning a career. Apply Secretary, The Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, W1. (WELbeck 8017.)

HOUSEPARENTS required, spastic residential centre. Good living conditions. Full social life. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Oaks Rd, Croydon. ADD. 2310.

ORGANISING Secretary (woman not over 45) reqd residential hostels which train and employ disabled girls in fine needlework. London area. Admin. ability and interest in soc. work. Apply Box 1393

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MEMORIAL University of Newfoundland, St. Johns, Newfoundland, Canada. Director of Extension (Extra-Mural Studies). Applications are invited for the above post in the Department of Extension soon to be opened. The duties will include (1) organization of instruction at the University or by correspondence, etc., not necessarily at University level or for credit; (2) examination and treatment of the problems of the Newfoundland communities, through formation of study clubs and otherwise. The Director would have an initial period for formation and recommendation of policy, which would permit the study of local problems and practices elsewhere. Travel to other universities may be necessary during this period. A Master's Degree or equivalent plus experience is the minimum requirement. Rank and salary would depend on qualifications and experience. Interested persons are invited to apply in writing to the President of the University, with full curriculum vitae, giving the names of three referees; two copies of application should also be sent to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Further information will be provided to interested parties on request.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

MIDDLE East Crisis, special number of Labour Monthly includes: 'Cyprus Tory Colonialism Exposed', by Clive Evatt, QC; 'Gunboats Off the Lebanon' by A. Masri; 'Hands Off the Middle East' by R. Palme Dutt. 1s. 8d. post free. 9s. half-yearly, from NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

THURBER fans – don't miss 'Punch' this week.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

IRAQ Petroleum Co.; American Investment in Britain. Labour Research. 9d. (11d. p.f.). 161 Drury Lane, WC2.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

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BOOKS bought. Left emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

'NATURE Cure from the Inside' 8s. From Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

MOUNTAINEERING: Books, prints, maps. Secondhand. Send for lists. Chyngton Books, Seaford, Sussex.

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HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued from p. 128

A STRAW HUT
on the
SHORES OF THE
MEDITERRANEAN

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PERSONAL

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RELAXING AND STIMULATING TREATMENT
for sufferers from Nervous Tension, Exhaustion, Anxiety, Irritability, Physical Debility, Fatigue, Stress and Strain conditions.
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17 WESTPORT, GODALMING, SURREY.

CULTURED single gentleman seeks good central accom. pref. in return part-time services; knowledge property, administrative, organisational, promotional matters, business consultancy, writing, etc. Box 2130.

COMO 17-30 Aug. 2 wtd. for party 20. Trickey, 1 Buckingham Vale, Bristol, 8.

BACHELOR, severe stammerer, seeks congenial understanding companion (m.) visits theatre, ballet, etc. BM/CSOK.

ATTENDANT car driver for disabled man staying 1st fortnight Aug. nr Dartington Hall. Capt. Williams, St Loyes College, Exeter.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts. Join now, Entrance Fee suspended during summer. Special terms for married couples and students. Apply: Secretary, ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. GRO. 6186.

FURNISHED B/s (f) Hump'd wantd exch. morning help from Sept. Box 2172.

SWISS teacher, Gym. French, German, offers services school or family. Au pair & pocket money. Sugs. Free Sept. Box 2173.

DENTAL Surgeon, recently qualified, free for 2 or 3 evenings surgeries a week. Box 2158.

BACH, 43, craftsman, some teach., yth clb and cyclinz exp., cult ints, jubilant in dom. fld, req. useful hol. 29 Aug.-14 Sept. Box 2217.

AMATEUR coloured actor (West African) required for play—rehearse central London. Tel.: Putney 6538.

WILLING exch. flat, sleep 3-4, Putney 30 mins Cent. Lon., for any accom. for 2 in Art City (Italy) pref. near sea. 2-15 Aug. Box 2179.

GERMAN girl, 17, to stay with English family August. Paying guest or exchange. Domesticated and lively interests. Write: S. Koellmann, Haus Endermühle-Herdecke-Ruhr Germany.

YOUNG German, 24, good educ., linguist, offers services any place. 4 years exper. UK. Box 2079.

BUDAPEST Would motorist going this general direction about 6 Sept like the company and help of a social worker/linguist/driver (m., 33)? Box 2081.

BOY 12 and mother wd like boy to stay part hols. or mix part other parent/boy. Pike 253 Lanark Rd, W9. MAI 8565.

BUSINESS gentleman would like to become P.G. in cultured home or would share flat. Highest references. Box 2175.

ARCHITECT, 30's, seeks comp.-driver for Highlands car tour, 2-16 Sept. Leisurely, share expenses. Box 2160.

PERSONAL—continued

NO bat'ry/power req'd. Upkeep nil. Normal type phones. Conn't 2 ways wire to term'al & ready for immed. use. Perf't recep. many miles. 2 inst'ments 100 yds wire. £6. P & p. 10s. 6d. ex. Add wire 7s. 6d. 100 yds. 2s. 6d. p. & p. C.W.O. Finsbury Trading Co., 12 Stoke Newington High St, London, N16. CLI. 7342.

BABY-sitting/gen. usefulness off. by schoolmistress (30) in return reduced board, SE/SW/Northern line preferred. Box 2133.

EDINBURGH Festival. Free rides from London and back offered by Scotsman! 23 August-7 Sept. Box 2190.

ARCHITECT with small London office would like to discuss possibility of collaboration with others. Upper age limit—early 30's. Write briefly at first to Box 2176.

10% discount to readers. All household electrical goods, fridges, hi-fi, radios, TV, photographic equipment, etc. MOU. 6597.

BANK Holiday. Join an informal houseparty of professional people by the sea in Wales or Norfolk either for the weekend or for longer. Costs from 5 gns. (Bank Holiday) or 8 gns. (per week). Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, SW7, KEN. 0911.

A SATISFYING long smoke for 1s. 5d. per oz. Try Arnold's Herbal Smoking Mixture. 3 blends and cigarettes. Send 1s. for trial oz. Calabash Sales (NS), 14, Friends Rd, Croydon.

ALEXANDER Technique. Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., SW3. SLO. 3141.

LONDON Contact Lens Centres, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent Def. terms. Branches: Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich, Paris.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500. Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recordings. Also small Hall & Comtte. Rooms. Apply: Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets & all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd, E2. SHOreditch 3889/6040.

SE comprendre c'est la paix. The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd, W8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. SLO. 9595.

BEDWETTING can be stopped by wonderful new method. Free information. Enurex Co., 119 Oxford St, London, W1.

ERRANDS in Italy run by Brit. resident. Dr de Roberto, Via Eritrea, Treviso.

FRENCH student teaches French. Moderate fees. Box 1626.

HUMANISM—a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un. 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

HOLIDAY Help; foreign girls seek 'au pair' posts July-Oct. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St, SW3. KEN. 1586.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. The Regent Institute (Dept E./191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

THERE'S always something worth-while doing (incl. doing nothing) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Ring Checkendon 221.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KNI. 4132.

TYPEWRITERS, Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Regent House, Regent St, W1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

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SOCIOLOGY, psychology, talking, dancing, music, play-reading, painting, rambling—are you interested? Write Sec. (B), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

PETER darling—this is the second time we've passed this blasted oak. If you don't stop at the next National Benzole station for a set of their new road maps, I'll get out and walk back home.

PERSONAL—continued

CHILDREN'S Seaside Holiday School. Every care. 4-12 yrs. Thanet House, 18 Callis Court Rd, Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

FLATS and rooms fully serviced, moderate in Sitges 'Playa-de-Oro' near Barcelona, August, September, October. Write Miss Shepherd, Hotel Ribera, Sitges (Barcelona).

CAMERA repairs for amateurs and professionals. Also good selection of s/h equipment. Camera Advice Centre, 54 Park Road (cont. Baker St), NW1.

PLANNED Families booklet free. Write Court Surgical Stores Ltd, 12 Marriott's Court, Manchester, for price list of our surgical goods, etc.

ACCOM. 1 or 2 villa Riviera, total 6½ gns. rent. 9-23 Aug. own ckg. MEA. 2672.

AUSTRALIAN girl, librarian, sks seat in car or friend, travel continent late Aug., Sept. Box 2091.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

HAMPSTEAD Gdn Sub nr buses, 30 min. West End. Designers Hse, 2 new dec. rms, furn. good taste, bed rm, spring divans, wash bsn, h. & c., sep. W.C., bath same flr. Sit. rm Baby Belling ckr., bdr rms Belling heaters, own tel., use nice garden. 2 yng prof. ladies only £5 5s the two. Box 2134.

HAMPSTEAD. Cheerful sgle/dble rooms, ckg facs, perm./temp. KIN. 2912 daytime or HAM. 4585/SWI 2684 eves & Sun.

GOOD-class acc. best part Hampstead nr buses and Heath. Charm. div. rm, compl. built-in kitchenette (h. & c.), use bath, teleph. Cpl. or 2 friends (prof. pref.). Av. first wk Aug. £4 10s. HAM. 7428.

GRAD. couple offer lge. furn rm, N12. Girl pref. Own ckg. fac. £2 12s 6d pw inc. heating. HIL 8982.

VACANCY in large Kensington bachelors' flat. £3 pw. FRE. 1599.

TWO large sunny furn. rooms & kit. quiet Hampstead house nr. Keats Lib. & Heath. Mod. rent careful tenant. HAM. 9219.

CHELSEA flat requires 3rd man, 25-30, Own bedroom, share livingroom, kit., bath, etc. KNI. 2023.

BLOOMSBURY Attractive furnished flat for professional woman available for 3 months from December. 5 gns p.w. Box 2136.

HIGHGATE: 2 flats, (a) 3 rooms, part furn. 70s p.w. (b) 2 very large rooms mod. furn. & decor 80s p.w. Both suit married couples. Use bath etc. Box 2108.

GOLDERS Green. S/c flat, well furnished, accessible. 3 rooms k. b. C.h.w. Suit couple or 3. 7½ gns. SPE. 4501.

SMALL room. Small house. Small rent. Excellent pied-à-terre. LADbroke 5118.

ACCOM. with partial board available. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

FINCHLEY Rd. Sgl. rm, mod. flat, bus route, use k. & b. Buswom. HAM. 4836.

FURNISHED flatlet. Own k. Ascot, own b. lav., B/S Minute shops. MEA 2672.

DOUBLE divan bedsit. leading kitchen. Sunny, quiet. Ascot, sink, cooker, coin telephone, next bath, lavatory. Garden outlook. HAM. 4007. 10-11 only. 4½ gns p.w.

HAMPSTEAD. Dbl. bed-sit., completely equipped, gas fire, ckr, tel., use gdn. Colour unimportant. 52s. 6d. p.w. HOL. 6237.

LARGE bed-sit. (2 divans) in private flat, 1 or 2 business people. PRI. 0971.

KINGS Cross. All but s/c canal flat, div. sit., in. kit., sep. entrance. Constant hot water, baths, electricity incl. 3 gns., less long let. TER. 0650.

CHELSEA: room in young bachelor's house. Reasonable terms. Box 2208.

THE right man—or woman—offered bright divan rm St J. Wd, share mod. k. & b., chw, heating. Suit Commonwealther. Non-landlord, letting to reduce high rent: max. quiet & privacy (mutual). Refs. Box 2174.

LANCASTER Gate: large beautiful divan rooms. New decorations, fitted carpets. Something unusual in good taste and charm. Single from 4 gns., double from 5 gns. AMB. 8819.

2 furn. rms. £3 10s. p.w. H. & c., elec. ckr, sink unit, use bath, pleas. house, near buses. 8 Holly Park Gardens, N3. 40 mins. West End. FIN. 0358.

CONGENIAL atmosphere, music/lit. interests. 3 lge sgl. rms. £3 each, 1 smaller £2 10s. HAM. 8109 wknds or after 4 p.m.

EPSOM, Surrey. Attrac. furn. top floor flat. Bed. sit. rm, kit. dining rm, bathrm, Wc. Use of gdn & loft for storage. Suit 1 or 2. 4 gns. p.w. (10 mins walk Epsom stn, Waterloo, Victoria, etc. 25 mins). Box 2182.

FURN. Bungalow. Sleep 4. All amenities. Pembs. Sea convenient. 2-23 Aug. 7 gns. wkly. Box 2188.

PARIS Opera: to let 15-July-15 Sept. furn. rm., sing. beds, b. ckg. fac., Mlle Bignault, c/o 19 N. Hyde Rd., Hayes, Mddx.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

CANADIAN graduate student, wife, small child require small furnished flat October. Not over £6. MacQuarrie, 14 Thornton Ave, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—continued

ARCHITECT needs accommodation (large room or flat) in London area. Box 2137.

PROVINCIAL Student requires reasonable living accommodation as near West End as possible. Preferably with family. Box 2118.

NEW Statesman reviewer, V. S. Naipaul, wants self-ctd furnished/semi-frnd flat Streatham area. 2 bedrooms (or spare room). Usual con. Tel. essential. Box 2128.

PART/unfurn. small flat or rooms required. Public school mistress. W8/SW5. Refs. Box 2090.

BACHELOR grad. seeks full board nr. Greenwich Park. Quiet essen. Box 2101.

YNG prof. cple, baby, urgently sk accom. Lond. Size pref. elegance. Box 2201.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

OFFICE available. One room with telephone. Rent including light, heating, cleaning, £2.10.0. per week. Enquiries to 6, Endsleigh Street, WC1. (Euston 5501).

SUSSEX. Country cottage, 4 bed. 8gns wk. Avail. Aug. Tel. Horsham 3527.

A CARAVAN in Luxembourg. Sleep 6. Available fortnightly on site. 3 Sept. onwards and 1959. Also light tourer 2/4 berth complete available Easter 1959 onwards. Reed, 3 New Square, WC2.

WHERE TO STAY

HERNE Bay, near sea, b.b. Single 3½, double 6 gns. Mary Sen.140 Grand Drive.

BOURNEMOUTH. Hinton Wood Hotel, East Overcliff. The Small Hotel in 2 acres of gardens and woodland right on the sea front. Catering especially for families with small children and babies. All facilities including nightly baby minding. Vacancies from 2 August. 13½ gns. per week. Brochure from Major G. Gilbert. Phone B'mouth 5936.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geriony-ydd. Modern comfort, very good food & fires, Friendly & Informal, 6/7 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penralit, Treferiw, Llanrwst 166.

PEACE, comfort, good food, small Quaker 17th Century Guest House, large garden. Blue Idol, Coolham, Horsham, Sussex.

WINCHESTER.—Ideal accommodation for the discriminating visitor who appreciates good food and willing service in attractive surroundings. Chantry Mead Guest House, Bereweeke Road. Tel. 2767.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel.: 1944, 33 rms. 150 yards sea front. Gdns, Putting green, Garages. Superlative food. 23 Aug., 10½ gns, 30 10 gns.

OLD Norton House Hotel, on the Green of the famous seaside village, Rottingdean, Brighton. Imaginative & plentiful food; tasteful atmosphere; cent. hg. Fr. 8½ gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, MP.

SUSSEX. Whinrig Guest House, Horam. 12 miles Eastbourne. Everything home-made. Vegetarians welcome. From 6½ gns.

SAFFRON Walden, Essex. Dormitory beds, kit. facils. 7s. 6d a night. FLA. 7756.

KESWICK. Visit Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads. Beautiful scenery, good food. Tel. 508.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

BED and Breakfast guide to Great Britain. Essential for tourists. 96 pages, 2s. 10d. post free from Ramblers' Association. 48 Park Road, London, NW1.

LAKES Mans. Beaut. view, mod. furn. Reas. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

SWANAGE Vegetarian Guest House overlkg sea. Continental cooking. Children welc. Golding, 'Waveney,' Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country, 5s., pge 4d. from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

COTSWOLDS. Simple country house in lovely surroundings 7-7½ gns. Reduction children, also students willing give some help. 'Steanbridge,' nr Stroud, Glos.

FOOD AND DRINK

THE kiss of a man without a moustache is like beef without mustard. (So says a Spanish proverb.) Or, you might say, like dinner without a good sherry—El Cid Amontillado, or Fino Feria, for preference.

SCHOOLS

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship—Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary, Wynstones School, Waddon, Gloucester.

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UNTIL 2 AUGUST
Evenings 7.0. Mats Sats 2.30.

NEW OPERA COMPANY.

26 July (Mat.) & 1 Aug. 'The Unicorn the Gorgon and the Manticore' and 'The Soldier's Tale'.
26 July (Eve.) 'A Tale of Two Cities'.
28, 30 July, 2 Aug. (Mat.) 'The Government Inspector'.
29, 31 July, 2 Aug. (Eve.) 'Sir John in Love'.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu./Fri. Evs 8.0 8.0 Sat. Sun. 5, 8. Noon Has No Shadow. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Glamour Revue. 2nd Year. From 2.30, Sun. 4. 8th Ed. opens 28 July.

ROYAL Court. Mn. 7.30. Sub. 8.0. S. 5, 8.15. W. 2.30. Guest Rep. Theatre Club, Leatherhead in Dear Augustine. 4 Aug. Return of The Lesson & The Chairs.

TOWER 7.30, 25, 26 (mems 27) only. Ustinov's 'Romanof & Juliet'. CAN. 5111 (3475 bef. 6) Canonbury Place, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Wally Pone' a new musical. Thurs.-Sun. 7.45 mems.

CONCERTS

ROYAL ALBERT HALL

BBC presents 64th Season

HENRY WOOD
PROMENADE CONCERTS

Sat. 26 July to Sat. 20 Sept.
Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30

Tickets: 8s. 6d., 6s., 4s., at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade, 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Films on Art and Life in the Middle Ages (U).

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until 3 Aug. Satyajit Ray's 'The Unvanquished' (U).

ROXY. Bay. 2345, Wk c. 27 July, 7 days. Jean Gabin, 'La Traversée de Paris' (A). 'Monsieur Hulot's Holiday (U).

FOLKSONG Unlimited. usual singers, every Wed. Cranbourne (Leicester Sq. Tube).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing, today, 26 July, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

EDWARD Lear: Landscapes, nonsense drawings, manuscripts, etc. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Last day. Open 10-6. Admission 1s.

THE Waddington Galleries. Three Painters. Ivon Hitchens, Jack B. Yeats, Roderic O'Conor and 'Colour, Form & Line'. Daily 10-6 Sat. 10-1. 2, Cork St, W1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St, W1. Contemporary French paintings on view. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

CORSHAM Court, Nr Bath. Open every day except Mondays. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2-6. 2s. 6d.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and private apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Period costumes. The Londonderry Ambassadorial Silver. Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

ART Treasures from Japan. An Arts Council Exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 17 August. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2.30-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Alan Davie Retrospective 1936-1958. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, W1. Summer Exhibition of 1958. English & French paintings, watercolours, & original lithographs. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes 30 Aug.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Giacometti, Marini, Matisse, Moore. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 13 Sept.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Allan Ramsay, Painter-in-Ordinary to George III. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

CAS Exhibition at the Tate Gallery until 21 August.

ZWEMMER Gallery. 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Water colours. Anthony Gross & others.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5, Adm. free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED New Reproduction of Modigliani's Portrait of Jeanne Hebuterne. £3 6s., tax 9s. 4d. from all good printsellers or 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue. Prints from St Georges Gallery. Until 10 August.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Important drawings, paintings and sculptures offered for sale in Exhibition of XIX & XX Century European Masters—Bonnard, Degas, Kokoschka, Matisse, Munch, Picasso, Pissarro, Renoir, Rouault, De Stael, Utrillo, Van Gogh, etc., and two new sculptures by Henry Moore. 10.-5.30 Sat. 10-12.30.

WOODSTOCK Gallery. 21 July-2 Aug. Recent Paintings by Mary Brooks, Violet Fuller, Nina Hosali. 16 Woodstock St, Bond St, W1. MAYfair 4419.

ST George's Gallery: Exhibition of the 40 best British Etchings, Lithographs, etc., of 1958. Colour transparency catalogue illustrating all 40, 5s. post free. 7 Cork St, W1.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. Five painters from Rome.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Brenson, Yl. Strannik, Zack. Till 11 August. Daily 10-6; Sats 10-1.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise – 26th Year. The Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1 Fautrier – Paintings 1928-1958. Till 2 August. Admission 1s. Members free. Library: Paintings by Edgar Hubert.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

HANDS OFF THE MIDDLE EAST

Mass Rally Trafalgar Square

Sunday, 27 July, 3 p.m.

Speakers include:—
Ted Bedford, Anthony Wedgwood Benn, MP, Fenner Brockway, MP, E. H. Richards, AEU, John Stonehouse, MP.

March from Marble Arch 2.15 p.m.

Organised by the Movement for Colonial Freedom

VICTORY for Socialism discussion meeting, 'Equality in Education'. Tuesday 29 July, 7.30 p.m Alliance Hall, Caxton St, SW1. Renee Short and Stephen Swingler, MP. Members and guests only.

LONDON Branch, BAOSF 'Coffee' Hour meeting on Thursday, 31 July, at the Universities and Left Review Club, 7 Carlisle Street, W1 at 7.30 p.m. to be addressed by Faiz Ahmed Faiz, Chief Editor, 'Pakistan Times', on 'Present Conditions in Pakistan'.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Michael Stewart MP on 'Labour's Policy Statement on Education'. Wed., 30 July, 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. The Society's premises will be closed to the public during August. Wed. public lectures begin again 10 Sept. Beginners' Class from 9 Sept., and the popular Saturday Group from 13 Sept. Read 'The Middle Way', leading Buddhist journal in the West, 2s 10d quarterly post free. P.S. There may still be a place for you at our Hoddesdon Summer School (22-29 Aug.) if you hurry. £8 12 6d incl. for a week that may change your life!

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sunday 27 July, 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston. Edith Hunter 'Without Money and Without Price'.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 27 July, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: 'Recreation'.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL 3351.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, Paddington, W2. Public Lecture, Sun., 8 p.m., 27 July, 'Life and Death'.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARK 8392.

LECTURES, COURSES, etc.—continued

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Day or Evening Classes

External B.A. (General): Latin, Greek, French, German, History, Geography, Economics, Law.

External Diploma in Geography.
G.C.E (A.L.) Courses: Arts, Economics, Law, Science.

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DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

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